The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Despite the War, the Christmas Number of The Bookman has met with the most gratifying reception, and we offer our sincere thanks to the numerous readers who have written to congratulate us and to express the pleasure the Number has given them. Although we printed a larger issue than in any other year, it went rapidly out of print, and we regret very much that so many correspondents have been unable to secure copies. We have explained before that certain mechanical difficulties make it impossible for us to print a second edition, and we would again strongly urge all our readers and the trade to place their orders for next Christmas Bookman as early in the year as possible. Last year's Number was over-subscribed some months before publication, and though we afterwards increased the size of the edition the demand for it has still been larger than we anticipated.

Mr. Albert Kinross, the well known novelist, has joined the British Expeditionary Force as an Interpreter; and Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, whose poems and nature stories have gained him a world-wide reputation, has just been gazetted first lieutenant in the King's (Liverpool) Regiment. Mr. Roberts is a Canadian who has for some years past been living in England; he was a private in the Legion of Frontiersmen, and it is after only a few weeks' service in the Remount Department at Southampton that he has received a commission.

Mrs. Clare Jerrold has completed a book of "Stories of the Kaiser and his Ancestors," which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. will publish. From the same firm we are to have a study of Leonardo da Vinci, "The Admirable Painter," by A. J. Anderson. Both books will be ready during January.

An annotated bibliography of the already very numerous books and pamphlets on the War will be published shortly by Messrs. Grafton & Co. It is being prepared by Mr. F. W. T. Lenge, librarian of the St. Bride Foundation and Librarian of the War Book Club, with the help of his assistant, Mr. W. T. Berry. The volume will contain a preface by Mr. R. A. Peddle, of the Technical Library.

Messrs. Pitman are publishing shortly an "Artist's Who's Who," edited by Mr. Leonard Stowell. It

will give the main facts in the careers of artists of distinction in all parts of the world, with additional matter relating to art in general.

Having made one reputation as a brilliant and popular romancist, Mr. Max Pemberton turned aside to make another with two of the most successful of recent revues: "Hullo, Ragtime!" and "Come Over Here." Now one is pleased to hear he has returned to his earlier art and written a stirring romance of war, "The Great White Army," which Messrs. Cassell are publishing. It is a story, related by a certain Surgeon-Major Constant, of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia, and closes with the capture of Moscow.

One of the most interesting and certainly the most beautiful of the many volumes occasioned by the War is "King Albert's Book," which is published by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton for *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Daily Sketch*, and *The Glasgow Herald*. It is a magnificent tribute of admiration and sympathy for Belgium by some three hundred

Mr. Alexander Irvine,
whose striking autobiographical volume, "From the Bottom Up," has been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Photo by H. J. Jarman. **Mr. Max Pemberton.**

of the most representative men and women of the civilised world, including poems by Rostand, Kipling, Thomas Hardy, Alfred Noyes, William Watson, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Alice Meynell, Sidney Low, Maurice Hewlett, Marie Corelli, W. L. Courtney, Annie Vivanti Chartres, Austin Dobson, Walter Crane, Sir Owen Seaman, Edward H. Sothern, May Sinclair, Walter Sichel, Edith Wharton, and Hall Caine; music, and sketches, and tributes in prose by leaders in the musical, literary, political and social life of most nations except those which are at war with us; and a number of full-page engravings in colour and monochrome by Frank Dicksee, Arthur Rackham, W. L. Bruckman, Sir Luke Fildes, Sir E. A. Waterlow, Solomon J. Solomon, Briton Riviere, Sir Thomas Brock, Joseph Pennell, the Hon. John Collier, Raven Hill, J. J. Shannon, and other well known artists. There is a frontispiece portrait, in photogravure, of King Albert.

Of the very large additions to the literature of the War that reached us during last month some of the most interesting books are:

"The Confessions of Frederick the Great," with Treitschke's "Life of Frederick the Great," now for the first time translated into English. Edited with an excellent topical and historical introduction by Douglas Sladen. 1s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Lloyd's "Who's Who in the Great War." 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"From Recruit to Firing Line." By F. A. M. Webster. 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Warships at a Glance," illustrated with silhouettes of the world's fighting ships. By Fred T. Jane. 1s. net. (Sampson Low.)

"The Case of Belgium in the Present War." 1s. net. (Macmillan.)

"England, My England." One of the best anthologies of old and new war poems. Compiled and edited by George Goodchild. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

"Germany's Case Tried in Court." By James M. Beck. 6d. net. (Newnes.)

"Britain's Case Against Germany." By Ramsay Muir. 2s. net. (Manchester University Press.)

Photo by Walter Jerrold.

Mr. Richard Whiteing,
whose volume of reminiscences, "My Harvest," will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

"Poems of War and Peace." By S. Gertrude Ford. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

"The War Stories of Private Thomas Atkins. (*Daily Chronicle* and Newnes.)

"War and Christianity." 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

"The German Danger." By Bart Kennedy. A reprint of a striking book that was suppressed by the Kaiser on its first publication. 1s. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

"The Third Great War, in Relation to Modern History." By Laurie Magnus. 1s. net. (Arrowsmith.)

"Fighting in Flanders." By E. Alexander Powell. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

"The German Doctrine of Conquest." A French view. By E. Selliere. 2s. net. (Maunsel.)

"How Germany Crushed France." By Adolf Sommerfield. 1s. net. (Everett.)

"Nietzsche." By J. M. Kennedy. 1s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Nietzsche's "Beyond Good and Evil." 1s. net. (Foulis.)

"Marching Songs and Tommies' Tunes." 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

"A Book of British Heroes." 1s. net. (Grant Richards.)

The Hon. Mrs. Dowdall,
author of "The Book of Martha," whose new book, "Joking Apart," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

"The War and Democracy." By R. W. Seton-Watson, J. Dover Wilson, Alfred E. Zimmern, and Arthur Greenwood. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

"Secrets of Success in War." Edited by Edmund Dane. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Killed in Action, and Other War Stories." By Noel Fleming. 1s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Nursery Rhymes for Fighting Times." By Elphinstone Thorpe. Illustrated by G. A. Stevens 1s. net. (Everett.)

"The Soldiers' and Sailors' Hymn Book." 4d. net. (Dent.)

"Sing-songs of the War." By Maurice Hewlett. 6d. net. (Poetry Bookshop.)

"The Economic Strength of Great Britain." By Harold Cox. 1d. (Macmillan.)

Mrs. Mary Gaunt,
whose new book of travel, "A Woman in China" (Werner Laurie), is reviewed in this Number.

"The Rubáiyát

of William the War Lord." By St. John Hamund. 1s. net. (Grant Richards.)

"Keep the Flag Flying." Messages of hope, sympathy and courage. 6d. net. (Simpkin Marshall.)

"The Story of Servia." By Leslie F. Church. 1s. net. (Kelly.)

All book-lovers will have learned with much regret of the death of Mr. Bertram Dobell on December 14th. Mr. Dobell was born at Battle, in Sussex, on January 9th, 1842. He first issued a catalogue of second-hand books in 1875, and soon became known to book collectors as a man who knew more than the average bookseller of the literary value of the books he sold. Some four or five years ago he published an admirable little book of his own poems, "A Century of Sonnets"; he made a valuable addition to English literature by his discovery and publication of the poetry and prose of Traherne; he discovered and published also the poems of another seventeenth-century poet, William Strode; and was the friend and sympathetic editor and publisher of James Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night." A bookman of the best kind, his familiar figure will be sadly missed from his shops in the Charing Cross Road. The business will now be carried on, we understand, by his two sons, Mr. Percy and Mr. Arthur Dobell.

Mrs. Victor Rickard,
whose successful novel, "Dregs," is published by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

Two books that Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing early in the New Year are "The War: Its Origins and Warnings"; and "Rain Before Seven," a first novel by a new novelist.

"With the Allies," in which the distinguished American novelist, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, gives a graphic account of his experiences in the War, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Duckworth. The book contains accounts of the burning of Louvain, the entrance of the Germans into Brussels, the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral, of which the author was a witness, and of how Mr. Davis was arrested as an English spy.

One of the most suggestive and inspiriting books that have been written on the war is Sir A. Conan Doyle's "The German War: Some Sidelights and Reflections," which was published last week by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. In a series of nine essays Sir Arthur discusses the causes of the War; the evidence that Germany had long premeditated it; the strange mental and moral factors that have influenced the German people and their leaders in bringing it about. There is a thoughtful essay on "Great Britain and the Next War," and some "Afterthoughts" in a concluding chapter that move Sir Arthur to feel that, "One is more hopeful of our Britain, and more proud of her, now that the German guns can be heard from her eastern shore, than ever in the long monotony of her undisturbed prosperity."

"The Patriot's Diary," a handy little pocket-volume, recording some of the chief events in universal history and giving an appropriate quotation for each day of the year, is published by Mr. Humphrey Milford (1s. net).

We have received the 1915 "Hazell's Annual," that most useful of Year Books. Special articles deal with the outstanding subject of the day, and it admirably fulfils its customary work as a reliable "Enquire Within" on the social, political, commercial and general movements of the time.

For much help in connection with this George Gissing Number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. George Whale, Mr. Edward Clodd, and Mr. H. G. Wells. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Morley Roberts for the loan of the long letter from Gissing which we publish on another page, and to Mr. Algernon Gissing, on behalf of Gissing's executors, for permission to print it.

THE READER.

GEORGE GISSING.

SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS.

By Edward Clodd, A. C. Benson, Coulson Kernahan, W. J. Locke, Jane H. Findlater, G. B. Burgin, Charles Marriott, Frank Swinnerton, and Constance Smedley.

NOTHING much is gained by the inevitable comparison of Gissing with Dickens; the two men had little in common, except that both wrote about London life. It is true, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton has said, that in bringing about great social reforms, in moving the world at large to sympathy with the unfortunate and the poor, Dickens's work has had far more practical effect than has the work of Gissing. "Both agreed that the souls of the people were in a kind of prison. But Gissing said that the prison was full of dead souls. Dickens said that the prison was full of living souls. And the fiery cavalcade of rescuers felt that they had not come too late." But, of course, the whole truth is not in Dickens's pictures any more than it is in Gissing's; each is true to life as he saw and knew it; Dickens has the wider range, but he missed some phases of London life that Gissing drew vividly, because they made a particular appeal to him. There *are* dead souls in the prison, and, without any sacrifice of his art to humanitarian ends, Gissing served humanity by portraying them. There are men and women who cannot take trouble lightly, who feel that poverty is an unmitigated curse; they realise only the gloom and squalor of their surroundings and have no buoyancy of spirit that enables them to laugh under the bludgeonings of circumstance; and our sympathies remain imperfect if we are not brought to an acquaintance and understanding of such people.

It is no use saying that Dickens began life under greater disadvantages, and in his youth went through harder, more humiliating experiences than fell to the lot of Gissing; the temperament and training of the two men were so widely different that though Gissing would have suffered as deeply as Dickens did in the blacking factory, Dickens would have found the joyous side of the Grub Street life that overwhelmed Gissing and would have revelled in it. They looked on life from almost opposite angles, and each, therefore, saw in it things that were invisible to the other. Dickens was everywhere a large-hearted man among men; Gissing was a scholar with the scholar's limitations and preoccupations, and when he was forced to live in poverty among the poor he was altogether out of his proper environment and miserable, and he naturally painted the life of mean streets as it really is to the many men of his kind who have to live in them. But to say, as some do, that he loathed the common multitude and felt no sympathy or pity for them is to misinterpret him. True, they were his companions, but not his fellows; he studied them as other scholars might study worms and beetles, but he studied them closely enough to arrive at an intimate understanding of certain types, and to feel a poignant compassion for them, a passionate indignation against the disadvantages and the wrongs that had warped them and made them what they were. Read his fierce denunciations of those dreadful, barrack-like model dwellings in which the poor are compelled to herd; or that description in "The Nether World" (one of the greatest, if not the greatest of his novels) of a railway journey, on a gloriously sunny day, through East London: "across miles of a city of the damned, such as thought never conceived before this age of ours; above streets swarming with a nameless populace, cruelly exposed by the unwonted light of heaven; stopping at stations which it crushes the heart to think should be the destination of any mortal." That is not the language of contempt, or even of indifference.

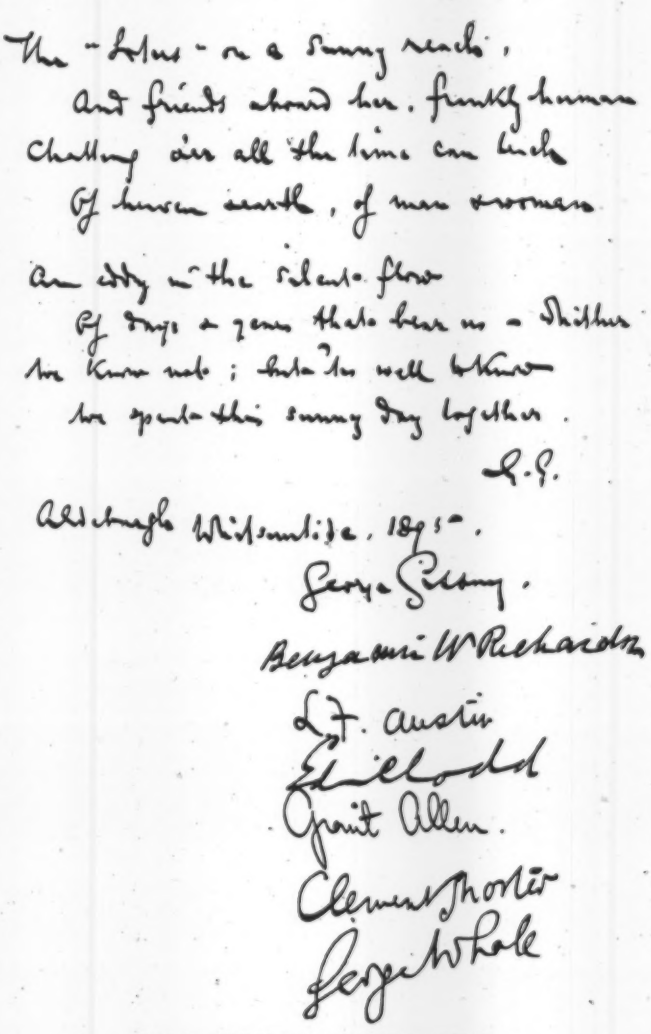
Photo by Elliott & Fry. **George Gissing.**

Born at Wakefield, in November, 1857, George Gissing was the eldest son of Thomas Waller Gissing, a pharmaceutical chemist, who was, Mr. Frank Swinnerton tells us in his admirable critical study,* "an enthusiastic botanist, and a man of considerable individuality. It is difficult for us to know anything about his early years," Mr. Swinnerton adds, "although we know that his interest in books may be said to date from the time when, at the age of ten, he read 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' Mr. Wells says that Gissing's father was 'in a double sense the cardinal formative influence in his life. The tones of his father's voice, his father's gestures, never departed from him; when he read aloud, particularly if it was poetry he read, his father returned in him. He could draw in those days

* "George Gissing: A Critical Study." By Frank Swinnerton. (Martin Secker.)

with skill and vigour—it will seem significant to many that he was particularly fascinated by Hogarth's work, and that he copied and imitated it—and his father's well-stocked library and his father's encouragement had quickened his imagination and given it its enduring bias for literary activity.'" Before he was fifteen Gissing won a scholarship and went from a boarding-school at Alderley Edge to Owen's College. When he was only seventeen he "matriculated with high honours in the University of London, and in the following year he achieved the almost unique distinction of gaining, in the examination of honours following the Intermediate B.A., the first place in the first class with the University Exhibition in both Latin and English. He also won the Shakespeare scholarship." He paid a heavy price for this incessant labour. "The penalty came," as Mr. Wells puts it, "not in a palpable definable illness, but in an abrupt, incongruous reaction and collapse. He truncated his career at Owens, with his degree incomplete . . . and from that time his is a broken and abnormal career." Some two months before his death he wrote from France to Mr. Edward Clodd, one of the most intimate of his friends, "It must be a great satisfaction to you to sit down under that ancestral roof, and feel that you have renewed its strength, and that beneath it is peace for you to the end of days. The one thing I greatly envy any man is the possession of a home. I never had one since I was a boy, and now, I fear, I never shall." Of what life meant to him, especially during his dreary earlier years in London, one has glimpses in "New Grub Street," and other of his books; notably in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," which, without being exactly autobiographical, does reveal himself, his thoughts, opinions, idiosyncrasies, experiences, frankly and faithfully. Read this and Mr. Swinnerton's critical study—"Swinnerton is the best authority on G. G." writes Mr. Wells—and you will recognise that what the world seems in his novels is what it was in reality to him.

In the following pages Mr. Edward Clodd touches revealingly on a lesser-known side of Gissing, and other distinguished writers, who knew him personally or have studied him in his books, have set down something of their personal impressions and opinions of the man and of his work.



Facsimile of MS. kindly lent by Mr. Edward Clodd.

EDWARD CLODD

speaks of the lesser known side of Gissing.

During the years that I had the privilege of Gissing's friendship, that which most appealed to me was his craving for sympathy. The unfortunate incident of his college life had increased a hypersensitiveness which was an undesired portion of his mental endowment, yet this was in keeping with the joy and eagerness into which he flung himself when in the company of his fellows. Such lighter mood comes out in the following lines which were written by him at a Whitsuntide gathering at my house in 1895:

Leaving others to speak in more detail as to his personality, what I would like to say is that in most of the "appreciations" of him which have appeared at intervals, undue prominence to his portrayal of the seamy and squalid side of life has obscured what had more abiding attraction for him than the slums of New Cut and Whitechapel. Homer and Horace were among his well-thumbed books; he was more at home in Athens than in Chicago, and never came more joyful fulfilment of desire than when he was able to pass beneath the arch of Titus, and roam through "Magna Græcia" with the letters of Cassiodorus for company. Here is a sentence or two from a letter written to me from Siena in 1897: "I have not been able to see very much here, but this is not my part of Italy. I have, I am sorry to say, comparatively little interest in the Renaissance. On the other hand, I shout with joy whenever I am brought very near to the old Romans. Chiefly I am delighted here with the magnificent white oxen with huge horns, which draw carts about the streets. Oxen and carts are precisely those of Virgil. I am in a great hurry to get into Calabria before much snow falls on the mountains."

Arrived there, he sent me this little picture of Cotrone: "The town is on the site of the old Acropolis; indeed,

there has been a town here since Pelasgian days. To the south the long Lucanian promontory, with one last column (twenty-six feet high, visible from afar like a lighthouse) of the great temple of Hera. Three hundred years ago an ecclesiastical scoundrel demolished the temple to build his disgusting Palazzo here. Strange to be walking on the shore—a ghostly region."

This extract tempts to quotation of the last sentence in his delightful "By the Ionian Sea":

"Alone and quiet, I heard the washing of the waves; I saw the evening fall on cloud-wreathed Etna, the twinkling lights come forth from Scylla and Charybdis; and, as I looked my last towards the Ionian Sea, I wished it were mine to wander endlessly amid the silence of the ancient world, to-day and all its sounds forgotten."

Hence, for myself, and for some others who knew him, there is pleasure in turning from "Born in Exile" and "New Grub Street" (which to him had meant at times "No Grub Street"), to those serener days when he gave us "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" and "Veranilda," a novel which, in my hearing, George Meredith advised him not to write, but by which he set so great a store. And there is gladness in the reflection that, after storm-tossed years with their carking cares, there came a season when the distracted soul could rest beside green pastures and still waters.

EDWARD CLODD.

Kindly lent by Mr. Clement Shorter. **George Gissing at Marlowe.**

This photograph was taken by the late Harold Frederic at the railway station, after an Omar Khayyám Club dinner at Marlowe. Mr. George Whale, who is seen on the left, was a great friend of Gissing's, and Mr. Balfour, then Prime Minister, appointed him, with Mr. H. G. Wells, a trustee of the Civil List Pension Fund for Gissing's two boys.

A. C. BENSON
on Gissing's books.

I had no real personal knowledge of George Gissing. I met him once, when he appeared silent and abstracted. There was something decidedly impressive, rather than exactly attractive, about his face and mien; and an almost unnecessary dignity and remoteness, as if he were walking in a world of foes, or at least of possible foes. He was courteous and gentle, but it was all a *guarded* kindness, conducted, so to speak, from entrenchments! But this is, of course, nothing more than a passing impression of a single meeting, and may be quite a mistaken one. I am a great reader of his books. I possess them all, I believe, and there are two in particular which I constantly read—"The Whirlpool" and "New Grub Street." It is very difficult to say what the precise attraction is. There is no charm of style. Gissing seems to me in these books deliberately to eschew and avoid all literary effect and adornment. Neither can they be called truly realistic. I cannot believe that Gissing was very observant, nor do I think that he always observed the right things. Moreover, when he deserted the paths which were familiar to him and tried to draw, let me say, fashionable or semi-fashionable society, or club life, then I think he generally failed to give any accurate representation of the real thing. But, on the other hand, when he is dealing with the by-paths of literature, or life of a certain grade, whether in London or the suburbs, he seems to me very lifelike indeed. Again, as to his character-drawing, I feel the same incompleteness. He thoroughly understood a certain type of vague, half-cultured, not very practical man, like Harvey Rolfe in "The Whirlpool"; and, moreover, there are certain women in his books, notably Alma Rolfe in "The Whirlpool," and Mrs. Edmund Yule in "New Grub Street," who seem to me to have a quite relentless verisimilitude. They are, of course, totally different women. Alma is the neurotic, would-be artistic type of temperament, who cannot do without applause and admiration, and is in many ways very pretentious. Yet I always feel that all her little and big hypocrisies and diplomacies, disagreeable as they seem, have a real guilelessness about them which evokes compassion; Mrs. Yule is a woman who is trying to keep up an appearance of fashion on a very inadequate income, and fighting with a ruthless gallantry. Nor should I forget the figure of Alfred Yule, the professional author, who in his pedantry, bitterness, self-pity, and general tactlessness, has a wonderful air of life.

I find myself writing about these people as if they were living human beings; and I believe that this is the secret—that the books have a poignant and vivid *life of their own*, though not exactly like real life, and at best a very partial presentment of it. I can't call it a justifiable view exactly. It is pessimistic, and deeply touched with an essential dreariness; but the books are real *creating*; they give just the sense of having really lived, and of retaining their own rather bare and harsh life unabated.

I used to like "The Papers of Henry Ryecroft," and "By the Ionian Sea"; and I still think them graceful and beautiful bits of craftsmanship. "By the Ionian Sea" has all the repressed yearning of the scholar unsatisfied, and is a romantic picture. "Henry Ryecroft" represents a tired and almost artificial mood, and now that I am older it seems less real to me than the novels, particularly those I have mentioned, which are finer and more vigorous pieces of creative work than this rather fatigued, dreamy and contemplative figure.

Gissing's life was a sad one, and his experiences might easily have extinguished a less robust gift. As it was, I think his experiences gave a real and virile toughness to an art that might easily have lacked actuality; but, for all that, there is a sense of something thwarted and almost stunted about the whole product—a passion turned devouringly within.

A. C. BENSON.

COULSON KERNAHAN
gives two word pictures.

When one says one "knew" a man, I take it, that one has foregathered and exchanged views with him on several occasions.

My acquaintance with Gissing was so slight that I prefer to say I have "met" rather than that I knew him. It was my friend Mr. Clement Shorter who made the two of us first known to each other, the occasion being a dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club, of which all three of us were members, and outside which I do not remember meeting Gissing. His was, I think, with the single exception of that of George Meredith, the most delicately sensitive face I have ever seen, the face of a man so exquisitely highly strung, that one felt instinctively his sympathy meant a sorrow shared as well as a sorrow felt. Susceptibility to the sorrows of others, indeed, inevitably implies susceptibility to sorrow in oneself; and without knowing anything of George Gissing, I should have marked him, on sight, as a man who felt everything—pain as well as sorrow, sorrow as well as pain—keenly, even poignantly.

His was a beautiful face, too beautiful almost for a man, fair in colouring, with soft silky hair, brushed back straight from a high forehead, and with a profile so fine and even so faultless as to suggest a cameo.

The eyes were bright and eager, but with not a little of care and anxiety, and (so it seemed to me) of sad foreboding in their eagerness. And in the eye was a light and on the cheek a flush that struck me as hectic, as that of a man who was feverishly anxious to grasp at Life's goblet and lift it to his lips, lest it be snatched away too soon.

The last time I saw Gissing—it was not long before his death—I was sitting at the window of Groome's famous Coffee House, facing Chancery Lane. He was on the other side of the road, and wished to cross, but—possibly he was already failing in health and nerve—essayed to do so, not once but five, six, or seven times, and then faltered and turned incontinently back. Mr. David Williamson, then the editor of the *Windsor Magazine*, was my companion, and we agreed sadly, for, notwithstanding his pessimistic outlook on life, we are both admirers of Gissing's somewhat gloomy genius, that all was not well with him if crossing a road (and that, remember, before the coming of the motor) meant so serious and so anxious an undertaking. The next news I had of him was that he had crossed and threaded a darker and wider highway, and that George Gissing, but for his work, must be to us no more than a memory and a great and honoured name.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

W. J. LOCKE
prefers "Henry Ryecroft" of all Gissing's books.

I would with the greatest willingness write an appreciation of George Gissing's work did I feel myself qualified to do so. But I never met him personally, and my memory of his novels, all of which I think I read as they came out, is too vague for me to speak of them now with any critical judgment. At the time, though fully appreciating Gissing's deep sincerity, I was repelled by the greyness of his outlook. The only book of his that satisfied my own temperament and compelled my whole admiration was "Henry Ryecroft."

W. J. LOCKE.

JANE H. FINDLATER
and Gissing's attitude to life.

I never met George Gissing, but I think one gets a very distinct impression of what his personality must have been from his books. Six or seven years ago I wrote a long article on Gissing in the *National Review*, but since then I think my admiration for his books has rather diminished. The veiled biography which came out a short time ago rather helped towards that. Still, if one can forget all this, Gissing's work is admirable in its own profoundly depressing way. As the mouthpiece of a certain kind of squalid misery, he is unsurpassed; but the value of his work is a little decreased by the fact that we now know how autobiographical it was. The "Odd Women," however, shows a marvellous insight into the mind of woman which cannot be autobiographical! I think his whole attitude to life is too abject, too cringing, to ensure for his books a very abiding immortality.

JANE H. FINDLATER.

P.S.—My sister does not answer your letter, as her opinions quite coincide with mine.

G. B. BURGIN
relates a personal recollection of Gissing.

The only time I ever met Gissing was many years ago at a garden party given by my friend Morris Colles, the literary agent, at his house in St. John's Wood. Gissing had lived for a number of years at Wakefield, a quiet country town in the North of England, where some relatives of mine were his intimate friends, and, on the strength of this, we had a long chat together.

Gissing's personality was at once arresting and appealing. It was a trifle more of the artist and dreamer than might have been expected from one who burrowed deep to the bedrock of sordid reality to gain material for his work. He was curiously, and I should think unconsciously, picturesque, his loose, easy clothes and slouch hat seeming a part of his own personality, more than a studied pose, and looking rather at variance with the smart "get up" of the London crowd which filled the little garden. He had a soft drooping moustache of auburn tint, deep-set eyes with a gentle, far away expression, and a look which indicated early ill-health.

During our conversation, he alluded to the fact that many authors wrote with ease and facility, but, he added, "I grind it out with infinite pain and labour." When I hinted that most of his material was saddening, "Yes," he said thoughtfully, "it's dreary stuff—dreary stuff!"

As for the value of his work, I am inclined to think that it will live. It has all the minute detail of Zola and, although in many cases it depicts with painful fidelity the dreary lives of dreary people, the truth of it

will cause it to endure. My own impression of him was that circumstances had conspired to rob him of the due exercise of his great talent. Had his early days been happier, his youth less cradled in misery, he would have sought a more cheerful outlook. As it was, he suffered greatly, and his sufferings tinted the spectacles through which he regarded life.

G. B. BURGIN.

CHARLES MARRIOTT

ranks Gissing fourth among late Victorian novelists.

I never saw George Gissing, but the tributes of his friends and such biographical notes as I have read confirm the very definite impression of personality that I get from his books. That his novels will take a high and permanent place in English literature I have no doubt whatever; but I believe they will have to live down their false reputation, partly the result of Gissing's own queer notion of the nature of his genius, partly the result of shallow criticism, before their real merits are generally appreciated. To put it briefly, like all fine imaginative work, Gissing's novels are distinguished by truth rather than accuracy. This character has been obscured by calling him "the English Zola"; the work of Zola being distinguished by accuracy rather than truth. As pictures of lower middle-class life the novels of Gissing are probably inaccurate; but as records of the reactions of noble and sensitive temperaments to the circumstances of that life they are poignantly true. Gissing was too great an artist to be judged by his "observation": he felt.

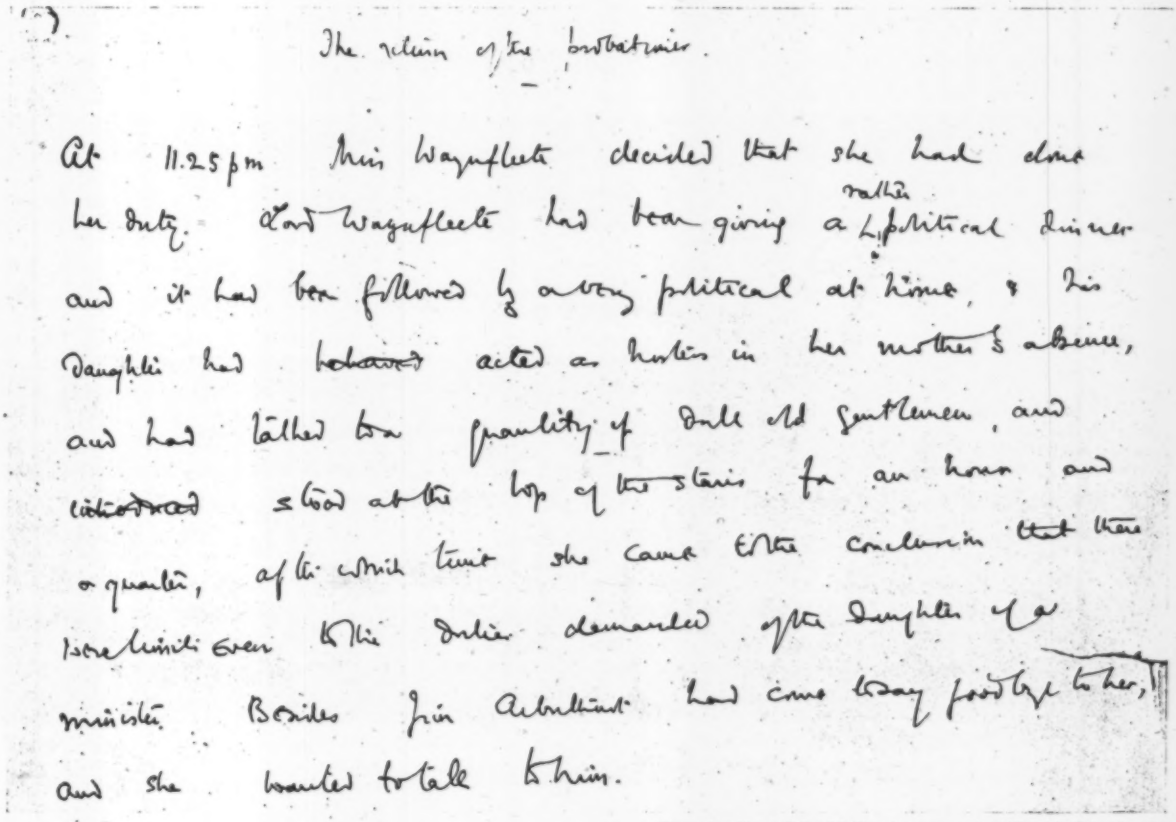
Personally, I should put Gissing fourth on the list of late Victorian novelists. "Veranilda" I could not read; it struck me as the work of Gissing the scholar by some perversity divorced from Gissing the creative artist; and "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" might have been written by any one of half a dozen of our gentler essayists. But "New Grub Street," "Born in Exile," and "The Whirlpool" are big novels; too full of generous indignation to be depressing. I have not read "By the Ionian Sea," but I am told by competent critics who knew Gissing that in it Gissing the creative artist, Gissing the scholar and Gissing the man, are perfectly reconciled.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

FRANK SWINNERTON

discusses the art of Gissing.

The point about Gissing's work which now seems to me its quite extraordinary virtue is—not its beauty, nor its wisdom, for in these qualities the work may have been deficient, but its uncompromising and pathetic sincerity. It was as true, as scrupulously true, as Gissing could make it. There was no passionate imaginativeness in Gissing, because he was an intellectual; he was not a master of intuition or of imaginative understanding, but an intelligent idealist; and yet I think his sincerity was as deeply passionate as his nature would allow. Practical experience of life hampered him, as did his hardships, because these things prevented his imagination from receiving proper nourishment. Yet he did not seek the easy path of which conventional novelists make



(1)

The return of the probationer.

At 11.25 pm Miss Wagstaffe decided that she had done her duty. Lord Wagstaffe had been giving a rather political dinner and it had been followed by a very political at home, & his daughter had behaved acted as hostess in her mother's absence, and had talked to a quantity of dull old gentlemen, and endured stood at the top of the stairs for an hours and a quarter, after which time she came to the conclusion that there was no limit even to this duties demanded of the daughter of a minister. Besides Jim Aubrey had come today for tea to see her, and she wanted to talk to him.

Facsimile of half first page of MS. of Gissing's short story "The Return of the Probationer."

The original MS. is the property of Mr. Clement Shorter, who kindly lent it for the purposes of this reproduction.

such ready use—he did not, that is to say—pretend to think people other than he believed them to be. Even when his books did not sell he clung to his true vision of life, and continued in spite of every discouragement to write those melancholy, rather powerful novels which we nowadays praise so highly. If he did not *know* as swiftly and as surely as do some of his successors, it was because of his inexperience: he knew the character he wanted to portray, and he did not flinch from it: if he could not show that character in action he fell back upon a *catalogue raisonné*. The point was, he persisted, keeping close to the extreme limits of his knowledge by the sheer force of his indomitable sincerity, imposing his conviction upon us with an almost painful integrity of purpose. It is impossible to read a book by Gissing without extreme apprehensiveness, a sense of inevitable disaster brooding over jangled personalities, because that was how life seemed to Gissing.

Other novels may have greater qualities of imagination or of beauty or of emotional intensity, for the schools of novelists are astonishingly diverse; but even those who are depressed by reading about Gissing's heroes and heroines cannot fail to see that Gissing's books raise acutely the whole question of the intellectual mood. If the novel is to be a toy or a sweet, as Thackeray called it, then Gissing's books are morbid growths. If the novel is, as the modern writer claims, the most sensitive and intimate instrument yet devised for the revelation of our entire social life, then Gissing must stand to the novel of to-day as a definite guide. He broke deliberately with the Victorians, and while I believe his peculiar temperament as well as his personal misfortunes warped his mind and distorted his vision, it is none the less of the highest significance to the modern novel that Gissing should have sought so bravely to describe life as he honestly believed it to be lived. The pity is that he was not a humourist. He had no detachment. That lack of humorous detachment seems to give a malignant air to some of his best portraits; it increases our sense of unrelieved apprehensiveness without producing tenseness or intensity; it impairs the value of the novels as social pictures. Yet for his bold stand for truth as he saw it—however limited that truth may have been—and for his unconquerable seriousness of purpose, Gissing will continue to deserve all the admiration which we accord to men of intellectual and artistic integrity. We may not love his work, but we can and do admire and respect it for distinguished qualities.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

discusses George Gissing's influence To-day.

To consider Gissing's influence to-day is to test the function of the realist school in literature. The pessimist of his own times becomes an object-lesson for optimists. Gissing fell into the common error of realists—he confused human nature with the conditions he found it in, and setting down facts, no doubt correctly, could not believe in the possibility of improvement. He was mesmerised into a profound conviction of their permanence. And yet it is in this very hopelessness that to-day should find encouragement for its apparently hopeless aspirations.

A seer and thinker of the intellectual grasp of Bertha von Süttner tends to depress us by the fact that the world is still so far below her intellectual level, that it has not yet begun to grasp the significance and truth in "Lay down your Arms." She saw so far beyond her times that most of our leading thinkers have not yet caught up with her, but remain in the quagmire of tribalism. Gissing only saw from the standpoint of the immediate to-morrow, in many questions, and we of the immediate to-morrow rejoice that the blight of "ladyhood" is rapidly disappearing from women, especially those whom he would call "advanced"; the most thoughtful of his women were still a prey to sex dishonesty, to abnormal sex sensitiveness, to the instinct that man was the natural provider, the economic world a hard and hopeless business, and woman's work a *pis-aller* for the cushioned snugness of husband, home and family.

Nor could Gissing get away from the Victorian ideal of material security as the best for man's development.

Through those terrible pictures of economic drive and pressure one yearns with him for an income that will enable Man to retire (or Woman either), and, with a deep breath of relief, start to live. To-day, work with and for one's fellows is becoming the test and expression of true manhood or womanhood. And this wider sense of Man, the increasing sense of generic rather than the purely personal Man, is permeating the novel that counts to-day. Gissing saw Birmingham exactly as the inhabitants of Birmingham saw it; and knew how compressed the local vision was. But the novelist is seeing Birmingham more and more in its relation to the world, and its inhabitants in relation to humanity. The novelist is seeing more and more clearly that snugly-incomed people are not the highest concept of Man, nor is ease the best expression of living. This selfish personal ideal is ceasing to be the pocket into which each ball yearns to roll. And Gissing can never, therefore, be the leader his intellectual gifts and fearless honesty should have made him. The novelist of to-day is setting his or her face towards broader horizons, whence the dawn is breaking; the dawn of the brotherhood of man. "*Good observation consists not in multiplicity of detail, but in co-ordination of detail according to a true perspective of relative importance,*" says Arnold Bennett, and the possession of this "*true perspective of relative importance*" constitutes an essential part of the novelist's claim to greatness.

Gissing's passionate fidelity to facts as he saw them, his stern honesty and adherence to his Art, give his work the sincerity which has always interest and beauty, even as the portraits of the early centuries in the National Portrait Gallery have a force for all time. He proves relentlessly the state of his own times; he resisted the sentimentality which hocuses civilisation into the somnolence from which it is aroused to the equally animal state of combativeness when its material security is threatened; he stood for justice and judged justly.

We need Gissing to give us courage to hope for that future which seems as impossible and visionary to many of us as our conditions would have seemed impossible to him. It is an inspiring paradox that Gissing's influence should be hailed as a helpful factor in the turmoil of to-day.

CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

GEORGE GISSING AND HIS CRITICS.

(A letter from Gissing to Mr. Morley Roberts, published by permission of George Gissing's Executors.)

EVERSLEY,
WORPLE ROAD,
EPSOM.
February 10th, 1895.

MY DEAR ROBERTS,—What objection could I possibly have—unless it were that I should not like to hear you reviled for log-rolling? But it seems to me that you might well write an article which would incur no such charge; and indeed, by so doing, you would render me a very great service. For I have in mind at present the careful and well-written attack in the current *Spectator*. Have you seen it? Now I will tell you what my feelings are about this frequent attitude in my critics.

"The general effect is false, misleading, even libellous, it is in essence caricature"—"the brutish stupification of his men and women"—"his realism inheres only in his rendering of detail"—etc. Now I maintain that the writer exhibits a twofold ignorance; first, of the life I depict, and again of the books in which I depict it. He speaks specially of "Jubilee"; so for the moment we'll stick to that. I have *selected* from the great mass of lower middle-class life a group of people who represent certain of its grossnesses, weaknesses, etc., peculiar to our day. Now, in the first place, this group of people, on its worst side, represents a degradation of which the critic has obviously no idea. In the second place, my book, if properly read, contains abundant evidence of good feeling and right thinking in those members of the book who are *not* hopelessly base.—Pass to instances. "The seniors live a . . . life unglorified by a single fine emotion or elevating instinct." Indeed? What about Mr. Lord, who is there precisely to show that there can be, and are, these emotions in individuals? Of the young people (to say not a word of Nancy, at heart an admirable woman), how is it possible to miss the notes of fine character in poor Peachey? Is not the passionate love of one's child an "elevating instinct," nor yet a "fine emotion"? Why, even Nancy's brother shows at the end that favourable circumstances could bring out in him gentleness and goodness. And Samuel Barmby—but this is a crucial case, and of him I must speak at length.

"A dull, sententious fool, who spouts platitudes at suburban debating societies, and interlards his familiar talk with dry chips of trite didacticism or irrelevant general information." Now if this gives the faintest idea of Samuel, I am strangely misled. To begin with, the man is distinctly amusing, with his comical and characteristic habit of quoting scraps from *Tit-Bits*. Then again, he is, morally, a very favourable specimen of the men of his class. But read the description lately given in *The Sketch*. "In his capacity as executor of an estate, he proposes to condone the evasion of the will by immoral relations with a married woman." Now this, if you like, is libellous. That whole scene of his with Nancy, one of the most important in the book, exhibits with the utmost care Barmby's essential *naïveté* and incapability of baseness. The whole point, the humour of the situation, lies in the fact that *all he wants from Nancy is a recognition of his moral excellence, of his superb generosity*. This, for him, is sufficient reward for his connivance at her dishonesty—a connivance in itself anything but gravely criminal. No, the man is anything but a "dull, sententious fool." He is not a bit of a caricature, but mere humanity through and through.

"The general effect is false," etc. Why, yes; to a very rapid skimmer of the book. Precisely as the general effect upon a rapid observer of the people themselves would be false. I want to insist that if people think it worth while to write at length about my books, they must take the trouble to study them seriously. In this section of the lower middle class, the good is not on the surface, neither will it be found on the surface of my narrative. But there it lies, to be found and recognised by a competent reader. I can't allow that my "vision" is "distorted," and assuredly my

Paradise Street, Lambeth.

Luke Ackroyd, of Gissing's "Thyrza," lived in Paradise Street.
From "The Booklover's London," by A. St. John Adcock (Methuen).

"rendering of detail" is not my only "realism." If the man had instanced an individual; if he had said, "There exists no woman so base as Fanny French"; he would have been on safer ground; for it is undeniable that the possibilities of goodness in Fanny are microscopic. Such women there are in plenty, but he knows not of them. To class the whole group of characters as he does is to show either carelessness or incompetence.

Thus much of this particular book. Now I want to say something of my books in general.

The other day James Payn had a paragraph about my work, as a whole, in the *Illustrated London News*. "The subjects for his pen are, for the most part, at best genteel, and not so very genteel. Their lives are not worth living. He contrives to interest us in them in spite of ourselves. Their views are commonplace and sordid" etc., etc. Now, pray tell me, does this give a fair idea of my books, taken altogether? I don't think so, but the mischief of it is that this impression is getting fixed in people's minds.

My books deal with people of many social strata. There are the vile working class, the aspiring and capable working class, the vile lower-middle, the aspiring and capable lower-middle, and a few representatives of the upper-middle class. My characters range from the vileness of 'Arry Mutimer, to the genial and cultured respectability of Mr. Warricombe ("Born in Exile"). There are books as disparate as "The Nether World," and "The Emancipated." But what I desire to insist upon is this: that the most characteristic, the most important part of my work is that which deals with a class of young men distinctive of our time—well educated, fairly bred, but *without money*. It is this fact (as I gather from reviews and conversation) of the *poverty* of my people which tells against their recognition as civilised beings. "Oh," said someone to Bullen, "do ask Mr. Gissing to make his people a little better off!" There you have it.

Now think of some of the young men, Reardon, Biffen, Milvain, Peak, Earwaker, Elgar, Mallard. Do you mean to say that books containing such a number of such men deal, first and foremost, with the commonplace and the sordid? Why these fellows are the very reverse of commonplace: most of them are martyred by the fact of possessing uncommon endowments. Is it not so? This side of my work, to me the most important, I have never yet seen recognised. I suppose Payn would class these men as "at best genteel, and not so very genteel." Why 'ods bodikins! There is nothing in the world so hateful to them as "gentility!" But you know all this and cannot you write of it rather trenchantly?

I say nothing about my women. That is the moot point. But surely there are some of them who help to give colour to the groups I draw.

No, people are running off on a side issue. Do try to put the other view of the case.

I write with a numbed hand. I haven't been warm for weeks. This weather crushes me. Let me have a line about this letter. Ever yours,

G. G.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best epitaph on Militarism in four lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Lesbia Thanet, of West Bank, Menston, Leeds, for the following:

IN TIME OF WAR.

I dreamed (God pity babes at play)
  How I should love past all romance,
And how to him beloved should say,
  As heroes' women say, perchance,
    When the deep drums awake—
    "Go forth: do gloriously for my dear sake."

But now I render, blind with fear,
  No lover made of dreams, but You,
O You—so commonplace, so dear,
  So knit with all I am or do!
    Now, braver thought I lack:
    Only God bring you back—God bring you back!

LESBIA THANET.

From a crayon drawing by Mrs. Clarence Rook.

George Gissing.

This sketch was made at Sandgate, and is signed by Gissing and by Mr. G. H. Wells, with whom Gissing and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rook were staying at the time.

We also select for printing:

INTERCESSION IN WAR-TIME.

I.

"Forgive them! For they know not what they do!"
Even thus, in His last strait of mortal strife,
He judged the foes who leagued against His life,
And the fair fabric of His work o'erthrew.
. . . Vain loss, that, in three days, would turn to gain!
Vain malice, that could only speed His reign,
And, from the life it crushed, see life spring new!

II.

But, on *our* heads, what drearier doom descends!
We, with no prescience Divine, must face
The marring of the life-work of a race!
Not *His* our prayer, though still with His it blends!
From depths of ruin irretrievable
He bids us pray—for those who know too well
The thing they do, and have achieved their ends.

III.

Aye! Since on us they force this infamy,
This crowning shame—to pay their wrong with wrong,
And with their evil strength ourselves make strong,
Till e'en our very prayers were blasphemy,
Unless Thou grant, for Thy compassion's sake,
That still we loathe the sword we can but take,
And bear it, cross-like, up our Calvary!

(G. M. Hort, 27, Wendover Road, Harlesden, N.W.).

REQUIEM.

Oh! Morning Glory bend and twine
Thy fingers in the Holy Sign
All blood-red, as the Wondrous Tree
Where hung the Christ on Calvary.

Oh! Noontide, in thy beauty lean
And gild each spot with tender sheen;
They hardly waited for life's noon . . .
Oh! blight, that touched them all too soon.

Oh! evening hour of sacred rest,
Enfold in silence, calm and blessed,
Each stoneless, far off lonely bed . . .
Where sleep, ah, God! our dear young dead.

For women's sake, who may not press
Their pillows with a last caress,
Oh! Son of Woman, be Thou nigh
To nameless graves, where loved ones lie.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

THE MEANING.

I used to think that Love meant fair Romance,
Gilding with glamour this grey world of ours,
Serene and sure through Change and Circumstance,
A primrose-path of never-fading flowers!

I used to think Love meant eternal union,
That nevermore our ways should lie apart—
A life-time spent in intimate communion
Of sympathy and spirit, heart to heart!

I used to think that Love meant Happiness,
I dreamed of rapture that should never cease,
Long years of joy that never could grow less,
A future bright of blessedness and peace!

Then came the day when the rude shock of War
Broke through my dreams,—and Duty's sudden call,
The stern necessity that knows no law,
For England's honour bade me yield my all!

The cost of victory is high, I know,
And only tears and blood will pay the price;
But when I said goodbye and watched you go,
I knew at last that Love means *Sacrifice*!

(Violet Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

Many of the other lyrics received are very good, and we select from them for special commendation those written by E. A. Page (Burgess Hill), Madison Cawein (Louisville), Ruth A. Leng (Newbury), Emily Yeo (Reigate), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), Helen Sichel (London, S.W.), H. Fryer (Reading), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Guy Chester (Penarth), Enid Woolright (Chelsea), W. B. Furniss (Birmingham), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, Western Australia), Phyllis T. Reid (Birmingham), G. H. Browning (Watford), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), M. C. (Herne), Mrs. J. A. Morison (New Brunswick), O. H. R. Layton (Westgate), Laurence Tarr (Upminster), Walter G. Priest (Norwich), David Conrad (Canning Town), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Hilda Ridley (New York), Mary Ohm (Conway), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan), Peggie Lawford (Newton Abbot), Mary F. Alloway (Bristol), B. Stewart Nicholson (Cupar Fife), W. Van Dusen (Philadelphia), Hilda K. Taylor (Liverpool), Elsie M. M. Briggs (Birmingham), May Walpole Smith (Luton), Martin Dexter (Nottingham), Harry Eyden (St. Helens), David J. Darlow (Corsham), E. D. Bangay (Chesham), Patrick Buchan (St. Albans), Doris G. Stephens (Carmarthen), Gladys Mary Tuckett (Barry Docks).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Llewellyn E. Williams, of Upwood, Bridle Road, Purley, for the following:

TREITSCHKE, HIS LIFE AND WORKS.
(Jarrold, Allen & Unwin.)

"Every symptom tends to show
You're decidedly *de trop*."
W. S. GILBERT, *Life*.

We also select for printing:

A WOMAN IN CHINA. By MARY GAUNT.
(Werner Laurie.)

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!"
T. HOOD, *Bridge of Sighs*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

CALLISTA IN REVOLT. By OLIVIA RAMSEY.
(John Long.)

"She stood upon her head on her little truckle-bed,
And then began hurraying with her heels."
E. V. LUCAS, "*There was a Little Girl.*"

(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

BUT SHE MEANT WELL. By WILLIAM CAINE.
(John Lane.)

"At every word a reputation dies." POPE.

(Lilian M. Macklin, 1, Cochrane Street, Comely Park, Falkirk.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best New Year Greeting to our soldiers at the Front is awarded to Miss V. D. Goodwin, of Lyndhurst, Gillingham, Kent, for the following:

GREETING.

May God, Who giveth us the victory,
Whose Holy Name we bless
Whether in triumph or in tribulation,
In joy or wretchedness—
May He be with you whom we love and honour,
That you go on your way
Unswerving, stedfast whatsoe'er befall you:
This is our prayer to-day.

We also specially commend the New Year Greetings by Erl (Durham), Alex. G. McClellan (Edinburgh), E. A. Jones (Haywards Heath), Florence Hall (Newcastle), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), James White (Hampstead), Alice Wise (Leicester), W. Hamilton (London, W.C.), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Leslie D. Cockerill (Forest Gate), Florence Whitley (Bridgwater), S. Pagden (Ramsgate).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Douglas Harrison, of 9, North Street, Bromley, Kent, for the following:

NIETZSCHE. By J. M. KENNEDY. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a popular revised edition of "The Quintessence of Nietzsche," published some years ago. It is obviously an attempt to do for Nietzsche what Mr. Bernard Shaw did for Ibsen in his well-known study of the great dramatist. As the book consists almost entirely of long and carefully-selected passages from Nietzsche's own works, it is to be particularly recommended to those who are only acquainted with the philosophy of Nietzsche as it is interpreted through the newspapers. After reading this book one may still abhor Nietzsche's philosophy, but one cannot help respecting the man.

We also select for printing:

OLD ANDY. By DOROTHEA CONYERS. (Methuen.)

A charming Irish story just like Ireland—all smiles and tears, pathos and mirth—until one must perforce sympathise with both in turn! It is a story which breathes forth, in a wonderful way, the fascination of that mysterious country, whose enchantment is so inextricably bound up and expressed in the character of its people. It sets out to be a hunting-story, and it ends by being a story of a renunciation so complete that one is staggered thereby. The note of tender appreciation that pervades the whole makes it a book that one is glad to have read.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, 196 Hamstead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.)

THE CITY OF DANCING DERVISHES. By H. C. LUKACH. (Macmillan.)

In large towns dancing Dervishes are charlatans who go through acrobatic performances to extract money from hoodwinked strangers, but, at Konia, where the Chelebi lives, the rites are strictly devotional. The dancers wear dresses of long pleated skirts, and green and white Zouave jackets; they dance to music coming from drums and flutes. The account of the Khoja of Aqshehir is very amusing, while that of Sabatai Sevi, a Smyrniote Jew, who, in the seventeenth century, proclaimed himself the Messiah, is distinctly interesting. Mr. Lukach describes graphically certain features of an Empire which will very soon disappear into geographical oblivion.

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.)

From amongst the numerous other reviews sent in we specially commend the twelve written by Marie Russell (Glasgow), John Witherington (Sutton), A. C. Grieve (Liverpool), Lucie G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), M. Marshall (Birmingham), E. Percy Adam (Nottingham), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Leo Delicati (Bristol), C. Bunt (Balham), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Florence Parsons (Altrincham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss N. Protheroe, of The Croft, Tenby, South Wales.

THE SOUL OF GALAHAD.*

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THE issue of Mr. Waite's Collected Poems at the present moment, and at twenty-one shillings when most people are hesitating at four-and-sixpence for an exciting novel, is something of a challenge. The courageous move is justified. To-day, when spiritual and materialistic forces are striving for the mastery, "it is well to remember"—to quote from the author—"that God is always speaking; the only desirable thing is that the soul should always listen." They are the poems of an inspired, out-spoken mystic, nothing more or less, the visions of a man who honestly believes that the "things which are not seen are eternal," and are, therefore, of ultimate importance. Mr. Waite certainly has the courage of his convictions. He combines a practical business avocation with this pursuit of a dream of unfaltering and lofty beauty. To quote an earlier notice of his work he is "Nature's ideal interpreter," and "sees past the glory of the world with something of the soul of Galahad." At the present moment even the man in the street is faced with the cynical affirmation that "might is right," and that any higher view of human conduct is a tearable scrap of paper. Here, thanks to the courage of author and publisher, is a challenge to this savage, crude philosophy.

The resentment of the average Englishman against the "mystic" is a compliment the latter would not easily forego; for at the root of it lies the flattery of envy. "Do you *really* feel and see these wondrous things you claim, or is it just a mediæval and primitive imagination turned towards introspection?" suggests the subtle compliment—"*I* don't; but I wish I could!" It involves an interesting position, full of revelation concerning the times we live in, full also of a naïve betrayal. The materialist to-day—when matter, his foundation, is admitted to be in a constant state of flux, and therefore the least "real" of anything—finds himself in a state of doubt and question. For, if our solid basis prove unstable, mind may step in, and even the dreamer and visionary claim a hearing. An attitude of mind, a state of consciousness, may assert without dismay that their way of looking at this unstable "flux" is of importance. Above all the mystic, who since the beginning of time has "dreamed" that man and Nature and God Himself are but various aspects of one substance in eternal flux—the mystic particularly is entitled to a hearing. And the author of these poems proves adequate in setting forth a point of view that is ancient as the hills and of admitted sublimity rare in modern life. For Mr. Waite takes the sacramental view of things, and, to say the least, he is marvellously stimulating and uplifting.

In a simpler age to be a mystic was to be a saint To-day, for the complacent contempt of the man in the street, it is to be almost a kind of imaginative degenerate. The "mystic" hardly escapes being bracketed with the "charlatan." It is difficult to say why this should be so, for the genuine mystic by rights should lead endeavour instead of fighting for a place among the lower ranks. Yet modern life decrees that he should be looked down upon, if not actually regarded with suspicion as a sort of conjurer or trickster. He is set aside as a dreamer of no value, unpractical, without strength for action. The trend of the age toward "visible" accomplishment labels him as devoid of the kind of utility that "wireless" and "conquest of the air" achieve, and the point of view is comprehensible. But, from a deeper standpoint, it seems an odd, one-sided view. For the genuine mystic is surely a specialist in realities, although the majority, captured by carpentry and chemistry, and giddy with the speed of wheels, may deem these—unrealities.

Here is involved a criticism of all modern thought, which a notice of a book of poems renders prohibitive from considerations of space alone. Yet the merest

* "The Collected Poems of Arthur Edward Waite." In 2 Vols. 21s. (Rider & Son.)

XUM

dip into these wells of vision and feeling forces one to the conclusion (among many others) that in a simpler age a writer of such knowledge, sincerity and power might have led his thousands towards the contemplation of "realities" that must have influenced their daily lives for good. In that "simpler age" of years gone by Mr. Waite might have lived uncomfortably in a cave or desert, while the absence of unintelligent criticism might have released his spirit to even bolder flights than we find in his "Strange Houses of Sleep." To-day, *per contra*, he combines a practical business life with "passionate and sincere study in a department of obscure research"; styled by the *Daily Chronicle* a "learned and enchanting mystic," whose poems in the words of Mr. James Douglas, are "on the whole the most successful attempt to sing the mysteries of mysticism since Blake wrote his 'Prophetic Books'"; while *Literature* observes that "occultism has few more learned students than Mr. Waite." He is a student. There lies the sting. Instead of being an accredited leader, he is a student merely, without reproach. It is the spirit of To-day that prints the label. Yet, certainly, no one better than Mr. Waite is available or competent to assume the robes of leadership rather than the uniform of merely "student." His printed works alone, at any other moment of humanity's evolution, would entitle him to be hailed as both seer and prophet. In 1914—the date of the Great War between material brigandage and spiritual ideals—he remains merely an honest, sincere and scholarly "student." It is a criticism upon humanity at large.

In that phrase "the mysteries of mysticism" lies the irony of Mr. Waite's position in the twentieth century. The unfortunate similarity of the two words is irresistible for the superficial critic. For the irony lies here—that, for the mystic, there is no such thing as mystery at all. In his soul the vision lies crystal clear, lucid, brilliant. There is no possible obscurity. The obscurity lies only in his attempts to communicate his vision to those without the mystical equipment. They ask wondering, impatient questions because they cannot see. The vague approval of Mr. Waite's endeavours to be clear are significant enough. He is "remarkable" says Mr. Douglas; he is "competent," remarks the *Literary World*; "he has penetrated very near to the heart of his subject," hints the vigorous *Saturday Review*. Other criticisms are full of similar, vague praise. But Masefield, with the poet's insight, comes nearer to the truth, when carefully he states: "Mr. Waite has said of alchemists in a noble sentence 'they were soul seekers and they had found the soul; they were artificers and they had adorned the soul; they were alchemists and had transmuted it.'" His poet's instinct here discovers the *mot juste*. The adjective betrays him. Mr. Waite's aim is "noble."

The aim of the mystic is, of course, easily told, for what he seeks is union with that ultimate source of things, that Absolute Reality, commonly called God, and the basis of his position is that he believes, aye, knows this is obtainable. He has caught flashes of the way. To interpret these flashes for others has been the burden of his song since time began, just as the impossibility of understanding it for those who have never seen the flash has been the burden of the criticism he has had to bear. It has come to this—that the flash is really incommunicable and has authority only for him who has seen it, a position, for recipient and non-recipient, that apparently can never change until all human nature shall belong to the former.

The importance of these richly suggestive poems lies in the fact that they attempt to communicate, or at least to interpret, the flashes of reality experienced by a competent and honest seer. Yet they are merely a portion of the life's work to which Mr. Waite, as whole-hearted devotee, has consecrated all his energies. They are but another aspect only of the great tradition he seeks to keep alive, the Hermetic Science, as some call it, others Idealism, an older day, The Mysteries. In his studies of the Zohar and the Kabalah, his "Real History of the Rosicrucians," his "Hidden Church of the Holy Graal," and more directly in "The Way of Divine Union," now in preparation, he blazes the same tremendous trail by way of guidance to the few who feel with him that Reality lies shining at the end of these curiously neglected paths. It is a big purpose and a noble one that inspires his undoubted powers, and if he is somewhat side-tracked in the furious rush for exact mechanical knowledge, the fault lies with an age that deems carpentry and chemistry more real than the soul's achievement.

And these two stalwart volumes, running to some seven hundred pages, state his case with a fullness of beauty that often touches ecstasy. For him the pageant of the visible world reveals more than the "omen or sign" of Emerson, more even than the "great allegory or path" of Louis Claude de Saint-Martin which will "give place to a grand morality." This pageant reveals everywhere the universality of sacramental life, and by this the poet means that the things about us are not only significant of a meaning, a grace and a truth behind them, but are actually channels that can and do communicate truth and grace to those who receive. We are sacraments also to ourselves and to one another—to ourselves because really knowledge is attainable only by a reflex act, by a passage from subject to object, and to one another obviously because of our place in sacramental Nature. Love attempts to attain a direct union so that knowledge of the beloved may be immediate and not under veils; but it is frustrated. On every page of these poems, and especially in certain exquisite lyrics, the message flames with sincerity and passion. And the message throughout is that the secret which lies hidden within the outward signs and within ourselves *does* enter partially, at certain moments, into the actual experience of the heart.

The two volumes, it may be mentioned, are beautifully produced in white and gold bindings, and the large, clear print and wide margins make for easy reading. In the first volume are "Strange Houses of Sleep," a "Book of Mystery and Vision," "The Quest of the Golden Gate," "A Garden of Spiritual Flowers," and "The Poor Brother's Mass-Book." Volume II. contains "The Lost Word," and "A Soul's Comedy." They offer in flaming language of great beauty, yet true simplicity, the message of a sincere and scholarly mystic. Quotation is not easy; the poems should be read complete. For, at a time like this especially, they breathe a spirit of lofty comfort and reveal an unassailable faith.

THE BOOKMAN TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION:

RESULTS.

Our second Twenty-One Guineas Prize Poem Competition has been even more successful than the first in the number of competitors who have written for it, though the general quality of the poems does not, on the whole, reach so high a level as before. The British Isles have supplied rather more than half our competitors, the rest are Americans, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Indians, and English speaking residents in various parts of the world. The best of the lyrics and sonnets are, in treatment, of such nearly even merit that the judges have had great difficulty in arriving at their decisions, but were unanimous in selecting the first lyric as the most original in idea and the most adequate in form. The humorous poems are, in the main, better this time than last, and the curious thing is that the best of the very large number received are written by members of the sex that is not supposed to have a sense of humour.

I.—The PRIZES OF FIVE GUINEAS for the best original lyric and TWO GUINEAS for the second best are respectively awarded to Miss Thora Stowell, care of Miss Ogden, Palais de Koubbeh, near Cairo, Egypt, and to Mrs. Ethel Talbot, Scheffauer, of Bank Point, Jackson's Lane, Highgate, N., for the following:

THE LITTLE BLUE LANTERN.

A little blue lantern high on the shadowy wall stirs and swings,
Hushed and still is the incense-laden air of the crooked street,
Never a breeze to stir the tiny flame, nor passing feet
Nor idle hand to jar the poise of the delicate silken strings.

Canton sleeps as the dead might sleep. There is never a light or cry,
Never a passionate lover's song the exquisite silence thrills,
But the eerie desolation lies like a pall, and its magic fills
My veins with a creeping terror, for surely I know that, by and by,

Someone will move in the shadows, with naked feet that make no sound,
Creep, as a shadow creeps to the circle of delicate, ghostly light,
That burns like the flame of a death-candle in the gloomy tent of night—
Someone will break the spell which holds the dreaming city bound.

Then from all about us shall crowd the pattering naked feet,
Dead gold faces, crazed with hate, in the misty lantern gleams,
All the passions of Hell will be loosed . . . are dreams then only dreams?
Or have I seen in some long-dead Past this lamp in a crooked street?

THORA STOWELL.

RED HARVEST.

Demeter, the Earth-mother, watched her children ploughing,
Breaking up the stubborn ground that harvest might be good.
She said: There is a curse on the corn that ye are sowing,
A curse upon the wholesome corn that never shall be food.

Her children gazed wondering upon the wise Demeter,
They said: The Mother aileth—her words are little worth—
They said: Behold the young corn, none greener is, none sweeter;
The black curse hath not fallen, O Mother of the Earth.

Demeter said: Patience; the land's name shall be weeping,
The cornfield be a curst field in the ears of men not born;
A greater than Demeter shall whet the scythe for reaping,
Rivers that are not water shall drown the yellow corn.

The curse is fallen flaming, with a cry of worlds that sunder,
The green land, the golden land, is dyed with scarlet stain;
And neither battle-flame at noon nor midnight's onset-thunder
Shall ever wake the broken things that sprawl among the grain.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER.

We also select for printing:

TO A CHINESE SINGER OF 1200 B.C.

Three thousand years! And still your song
Beats in each word I write.
The empty dusk, these yearning hands,
Stars and the winds in foreign lands,
A fluttering step on opal sands,
Deep eyes that hold the night—

All yours! Noon adds no dream to dawn,
Nor soothes the age-old ache;
And yet I hope that first spring day,
Three thousand weary years away,
My sister need not know, nor say
That hearts will break.

(Hortense Flexner, 948, Eighty-second Street, Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.)

HER WEDDING DAY.

The heart of the earth is aflame,
Aflame to the kiss of the sun,
And the dawn-winds are calling my name,
To tell of a story begun.
As I kneel for my last maiden prayer
In this little white nest of my youth,
Am I wise, O Beloved, that I dare
To trust to your love and your truth?

We two, we were flotsam of Fate,
Tossed up upon Time's mighty shore,
That day when you paused at my gate
We were wondering strangers, no more.
And now all the world is a-tune
To a song with your name as the theme:
Will it pass like the passing of June
Or fade as a dream in a dream?

Too late. In the chamber below
Wait the bridemaidens, laughing and fair
To deck me in robes like the snow,
There's my mother's dear step on the stair.
Shall I barter the peace I have known
When I go from her arms to your breast?
Shall I sigh for a joy that has flown?
Well, I love you!—with God be the rest.

(A. M. Bowyer-Rosman, 16, Oxford Gardens, W.)

THE SECRET MESSAGE.

In the blue depths of thy clear eyes
I read the secret of my heart,
And if my love I would disguise,
Thy glance would still the truth impart!

In the blue depth of thy clear eyes
I read the message of my fate:
With thee the world is paradise,
Without thee life is desolate!

(W. Siebenhaar, Perth, Western Australia.)

LAUNCELOT.

I heard a wondrous note at eventide,
The blood-sun sank into the sombre mere:
I saw red parted lips, white arms flung wide,
A tangle of gold hair—and Guenevere.

And all the half-born dreams of power and fame
And all the allegiance that I owed my lord
Vanished from out my heart: I breathed her name:
In sweet and bitter shame I sheathed my sword.

I knelt to pray to God for mighty strength
To see the Grail, to gain the Holy Prize,
But, babbling in my prayer, I found at length
I prayed that I might kiss her blue wild eyes.

I saw her walking and I fled away,
She whispered "Launcelot"—her voice was sweet
As scent of violets on an April day:
I could not choose but worship at her feet.

It is not that I did not love my king
It is that she, my queen, was all too dear:
Of love I gave all my poor heart could bring
To heaven—to more than heaven—to Guenevere!

(Mrs. Littlejohn, 9, Albion Gardens, Ravenscourt Park W.)

THE BELGIAN SOLDIER-PRIEST.

Red Cross Sister, aproned white,
I shall not outlive the night;
Bring a brother priest to me
That my soul may pardoned be.

Shrive me, brother, ere I die;
Bring the holy unction nigh.
All the evil ones from hell
Hold the earth within their spell.

Trampled every virtue lies,
Madness stareth from men's eyes,
Bestial blood-lusts burn and slake,
Love is ashen in their wake.

Every apish lust in man
Has emerged to thwart God's plan;
Flash the myriad stabbing knives,
Tearing out ten thousand lives.

Fate-crushed women, slaughtered boys,
Brutal frenzies, fiendish joys
Greet the Lord Christ's watching eyes,
Fill His Mother's breast with sighs.

Father, I was torn from Rome,
From my soul's encloistered home,
Girt with bullets, strapped with knives,
Marched to shatter human lives.

Faugh! that scent of human flesh
Dead and rotting in war's mesh!
Trapped like pheasants in a drive,
Hideous honey from war's hive.

Fouler than this reeking air
Is the thought that I was there;
I, a priest of holy Rome,
Wrecking some Alsatian home.

Look you, father, these war clothes—
Strip them off me! Worse than blows
Is their contact to my flesh;
They shall not my soul enmesh.

Let the hem of your black robe
Grace my passing from this globe.
Pray for me, O Mary, pray!
That my soul may find The Way.

(John J. Gurnett, Quartermaster-Sergeant, Experimental Department, New Ranges, Shoeburyness.)

THE KISS.

You kissed me in the shadow of the tomb,
Pressed on my trembling lips, clinging to life
And all its living beauty, scarce a-bloom,
The protest, sign of man's eternal strife
With Death. And all around in silence, they,
Proof of Death's conquering will, untroubled lay.

Death conquers, then? But ah! just such a kiss
Stirred long ago the dreaming in man's heart,
Unfolded love: waked from its deep abyss
The first sweet breath of life in those apart
And quiet ones. The kiss was their command
To life. And now, Death holds them in his hand.

Under the budding trees and young Spring sky,
The watchful silence held us in its thrall.
None in the graveyard lived but you and I;
The Reaper who is Death had gathered all.
But just before they passed eternally
They kissed. The kiss is but a soul set free.

(Mrs. Ruth Rogers, 718, Pringles, Quilmes F. C. Sud, Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic.)

MOTHERHOOD.

In some fair garden that the west wind seeks,
A rose has died;
I saw its soul upon my baby's cheeks
At eventide.

In some bright by-way of the steadfast skies,
A star's gone out;
I watch the love-light in my baby's eyes
And never doubt.

In some far corner of the earth's embrace,
A man forgets;
I mark the shadows on my baby's face
As each sun sets.

But never has there been a babe like mine—
Nor will there be;
Though roses fade and stars for others shine
And men go free.

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

TWO DREAMS DWELL IN HER EYES.

Two dreams dwell in her eyes,
I cannot see them there,
But bow, in humble wise,
My head in prayer.

Two songs sing in her eyes,
I cannot hear them sing,
But ah, I hold my breath
With listening.

(Mary Carolyn Davies, 2605, Benvenue Av., Berkeley, California, U.S.A.)

POPPIES.

The Little Ones are here again: I saw them at the dawn;
They floated, ruby-red, before the laughter-loving wind
And took with nodding heads the sun which stoops to gild the corn,
And gently swayed like lanterns that the night has left behind.

Oh, many are the loved friends I've waited for in vain,
But ever, as the Moon of Leaves goes softly on her way,
These unforgetful ones return to greet the world again,
When all the larks are singing, and the air is rich with hay.

Oh Little Ones, I've waited with my window open wide,
To catch the first bright flash of you among the waving wheat;
To see the gay red riot spread along the countryside,
And hear a whispered welcome to my welcome-speeding feet.

And yet this harmony of mirth is not for me alone;
For when the dreamy daylight fades, and closes like a flower,
I know that fairies' glinting wings among the poppies drone,
And there's dancing in the cornfields for a magic moonlit hour.

But when the sunny sorcerer has turned the green to gold;
And o'er the arc of burnished hill the harvest moon hangs low,
While, joying in the gleaming fields beneath the skies outrolled,
The reapers down the dusky lane are chanting as they go—

There comes to me a faint farewell, by winds of evening sped,
Which vainly seek to pipe their song among the fallen corn,
But tho' the merry carnival of poppy-time is fled,
The Little Ones will keep their tryst another summer dawn!

(Christine Denison Smith, 10, Bond Street, Wakefield, Yorks.)

DEATH GLORIFIED.

Death is made beautiful, for thou art dead,
O my belovèd, dearer than my life!
Shall I not meet death radiantly, love-led
To theeward, when I leave the toil, the strife?

Shall I not know thee then, shall not I see,
With death-changed eyes, earth's best immortal-changed—
I, all unworthy now, yet linked with thee
By thine own love eternal, unestranged?

My soul that feared the darkness, fears not now,
For where thou art there is no room for fear;
When my last earthly hour shall pass, speak thou—
Just touch my hand and whisper, "I am here'"

(John A. Bellchambers, 120, Highgate Hill, N.)

We specially commend also the lyrics written by Gloria (Woodbridge), Elgin H. Ray (Indiana), Syned (Johannesburg), S. Gertrude Ford (Bournemouth), Ruby Lamont (Utah), C. Roy Price (Wellington), Alicia Picard (Vancouver, B.C.), Agnes H. Baird (South Norwood), G. A. C. MacKinley (Perth), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), A. L. McGreevy (Minnesota), R. S. Pollard (Manchester), E. D. Bangay (Chesham), Earl L. Shaub (Indiana), Isond (Wexford), T. A. King (Birmingham), Lilian Gillespie (Sutton), Russell Green (Oxford), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Sara R. Schlesinger (Colorado), Dorothy H. Malley (Sutton), E. P. (Fife), Florence Tylee (Bath), Verne De Witt Rowell (Ontario), Montclare (Cricklewood), Hylda C. Cole (Kilmacolin), M. A. de Ford (Boston, U.S.A.), S. S. (Bournemouth), S. Pattablicram (Madras), E. G. Moore (East Grinsted), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Queenie Scott-Hopper (Whitley Bay), Erl (Durham), D. L. Mann (Malden, Mass., U.S.A.), Peggy Grant (Burley), A. Middleton (Massachusetts), Josephine Turck Baker (Evanston, Ill., U.S.A.), Celia Duffin (Belfast), Basanos (Harlesden), Minnie Anderson (Montrose), Margaret B. McFarlane (Glasgow), W. J. Elliott (Copthorne), Leslie-Leigh Ducros (New Orleans), Dorothy M. Colman (Burgess Hill), Senex (Ilminster), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), Henry S. Ramsey (Jeanette, Pa., U.S.A.), Harrie Selway (Belfast), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Howard Booth (Sheffield), M. Snow (Oxford), Constance Goodwin (Clapham Common), M. M. Lee (Virginia), Ewart Richardson (Middlesbrough), C. Vere Annesley (Norbury), R. L. D. (Kansas), F. L. Taylor (Dalston), E. N. Simons (Sheffield), Lilla G. McKay (Auckland), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), Chart Pitt (Washington, U.S.A.), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), F. N. Wood (Hull), Marjorie Owston-Booth (Anerley), Alice Gore-Jones (Queensland), G. E. Campbell (Baldwinville, N. J.), Don Munday (Vancouver), Jean Bird (W. Perth, W. Australia), Marion Downes (Melbourne), D. A. Russell-Gregg (Bridgwater), A. Howarth (Cape Town), A. H. Brodie (Alta, Canada), Erik Achorn (Maine, U.S.A.), Lex (Tanjore, S. India), A. B. McGill (Kentucky), J. H. Ireland (Baltimore), W. T. Tolley (Natal), Elsie Hughes (Toronto), R. P. Irving (Taunton, U.S.A.), O. Kutzman (Queensland), Dorothy Evans (Arizona), Cheyne Farnie (New Zealand), J. Ford (Oxford), A. E. Paterson (Finsbury Park), L. H. P. (Liverpool), Marion Downes (Melbourne), Mrs. Muriel Fraser (Burma), Anna G. Lang (Cardiff), Arcadia (Edinburgh), Hester Viney (Swanage), W. S. Hiigel (Indiana), Miss Lindsay (Edinburgh), Hildebrand (Harrow), J. E. Douglass (Ohio), Bess P. Fletcher (Los Angeles), Mary Rattenbury (Queensland), W. A. Sumanasekera (Ceylon), Nancy Lister (Natal), Martha C. Davis (Colorado), H. T. Rich (New York), M. Forrest (Brisbane), A. Howe (Adelaide), A. C. Welsh (Victoria), Edith Smith (Ayr), J. S. Lawson (Edinburgh), Reginald Gray (Darlington), G. E. Ward (Tufnell Park), Norma E. Smith (Halifax, N.S.), Florence L. Olsen (Melbourne), Martha P. Boswell (Carolina), Bertha Youngblood (Texas), Charlotte M. Post (Massachusetts), F. J. Popham (Dumfries), Betsy Brandt (Haarlem, Holland), Aramis (Glasgow), E. L. Roberts (Sheffield), Mrs. K. D. Shaw (Ivybridge), J. S. Bailey (Earls Barton), S. H. Jhabvala (Bombay), May Louise Lee (California), Mrs. Fenwick Williams (Montreal), J. W. Graham (Jamaica), G. M. Capper (Toronto), Edmund Howard (Putney), Roslyn (Auckland), T. Banks (Colchester), Isabel Davies (Liverpool), Dorothy Jacobs (Hampstead), Doris Dean (Bromley), K. Sanjiva Kamath (Madras), M. C. Lufkin (Dorset), F. P. Plummer (Ontario), Harriet E. Boss (California), Elizabeth T. Green (California), C. E. S. (Glasgow), A. B. Watt (Alberta, Canada), John North (Aberystwyth), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), E. C. L. (Birmingham), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), M. C. (Herne), Irma L. Wallace (Milwaukee), E. K. (Blairgowrie), W. F. Smith (Ohio), M. Revell (Dorset), Joseph Campbell (Dublin), D. J. Darlow (Corsham), D. W. Johnson (Ontario), Athos (Glasgow).

II.—The PRIZES OF FIVE GUINEAS for the best original sonnet on any famous event in English history, and Two GUINEAS for the second best are respectively awarded to Robert Whitaker, of Los Gatos, California, U.S.A., and to C. Roy Price, of Fernleigh, Wellington, Somerset, for the following:

ENGLAND'S DAY.

There is no day of all the swinging year
That is not written large on England's scroll:
No day that has not mothered some great soul,
Or laid the laurel on some brave man's bier.
All hours were hallowed if our eyes were clear
To read their records, or to take true toll
Of every action that makes England whole,
Of all heroic living now and here.

Not yesterday, when Waterloo was won,
Nor, day when Harold fell on Hastings' field,
Nor yet the people's hour at Runnymede:
But England's day, her day of mightiest deed,
The brightest hour emblazoned on her shield
Is this, unveiling now beneath the sun.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

LIBERATION OF THE PRESS IN ENGLAND
(1694).

Now is the moment when the work of one
Far-seeing, fearless, bold with friend and foe,
Comes to fulfilment. Now may all men know
The minds of all men. Open to the sun
Of human wisdom, need the soul of none
Now fade in barren ground. But as weeds grow
As well as flowers in boundless sunlight, so
Not without strayings shall the goal be won.
This Milton knew, yet hesitated not;
He saw the individual knowledge stray
Through the world's fields, leaving the blighted wheat
To rot upon the ground, but gathering what
Was clean and golden. Then it took its way
With the world's harvest to the judgment seat.

C. ROY PRICE.

We also select for printing:

THE DEATH OF BECKET.

DECEMBER 29TH, 1170.

Who hold the torch, o'er History's tangled scene?
Who but the souls, brave Becket, like thine own,
That have not feared to stand aloft, alone—
To one high purpose sworn, with vision keen,
Not to be turned by bribe, threat, gibe—nor e'en
The o'ermastering art of Love, that quits its throne
To change the monarch's for the suppliant's tone—
Nor craven counsel, whence should strength have been.
We see thee, in yon twilight fane, at bay . . .
Four swords! Four million swords had ne'er brought low
The dauntless soul that towered its foes before—
For one high Purpose' sake, that in its day
Dared all the world's allegiance to forego,
And therefore hast it now for evermore!

(Queenie Scott-Hopper, 25, The Crescent, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.)

THE PLAGUE OF LONDON, 1665.

What awful presence broods o'er mart and street,
Whose voiceless might has stilled the Babel cry
Of this tumultuous city, and men's feet
Wake lagging echoes where gay crowds went by?
Can this be London—like to one who sleeps,
With windows 'neath the crazy eaves all blind,
Moveless for dread of that dark shade which creeps
Through misty alley and through noisome wynd;
Or e'en in open ways doth lie in wait
For furtive steps that down the middle go,
Between the tumbled roofs when day grows late,
And down the street the waggons rumble slow.
God speed their souls! For them no mass is said,
But the hoarse canticle: "Bring out your dead!"

(Christine Denison Smith, 10, Bond Street, Wakefield, Yorks.)

IRELAND—A NATION.

OUR ERNE IS FREE.

No longer mourning by her misty Sea
The changeling Daughter of the Faery West,
But joyously in Bridal splendour drest,
She waits her faithful lover, Liberty,
No wealth of storèd gold, nor gems hath she
But the Dear Christ hath seen, and loved, and blest
Her travail, grief, and tears; at His behest,
Her woes, for aye, her rarest gems shall be.

And now for love, and for sweet kinship's sake
Cometh her gracious Sisterhood to bring
A silver sweetness—harp-strung harmony;
Again her Ancient Bardic Choirs awake—
The Dauntless Dead—the martyr, saint, and King,
While list'ning Angels whisper "Erne is Free."

(A. Howe, Way College, S. Australia.)

EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES, 1833.

"How shall the free-born keep their faith, and grow
In Liberty when at their gates there lie
Fast bound in iron and in misery
A subject race, whose colour works their woe?
Shall not this evil, cherished, overthrow
Our pride, this rotting taint of slavery
Blight our fair fruit of many a century
Of watchful toil? Can we be pure who know
The hateful thing, yet suffer it to stand?"
The nation listened to the call supreme;
England arose, and stretched her mighty hand,
No more to spoil or slay but to redeem,
And took as her chief glory light to spread
And Freedom, o'er the nations of the dead.

(F. W. Macnamara, Cambridge.)

THE CONQUEST OF THE ARMADA.

Surely the clouds were our allies; the stars
Fought in their courses for us, and the winds;
The seas; that mightier power which is the mind's,
And Freedom, she who brooks not bonds or bars;
Freedom, the warrior queen whose gems are scars,
Who, to this day, her island fortress finds
Impregnable; whose eye no war-cloud blinds
To her white goal, where fade the fires of Mars.

So fought our England then; so fighteth she
To-day, still true to her appointed part:
To hold with Ocean in confederacy
The high place whence the springs of Peace shall start;
To hold it in the name of Liberty,
Armoured with her invulnerable heart.

(S. Gertrude Ford, Heather Cottage, Bengal Road, Winton, Bournemouth.)

TO ENGLAND.

IN 1914.

Across the sundering wastes of surging sea
The sons and daughters of thy one-time foe
Send greeting to the truest land they know.
Brave England, see our hands outstretched to thee,
As thou dost arm for sacred liberty,
To guard thine honour and thy sacred vow
From violence of foes who face you now;
And make the stricken land of Belgium free!
Thy victory was won in that great hour
When England's name was held inviolate;
Thy Knights brought chivalry to perfect flower,
And armed thy heart against the shafts of hate.
God guard thy sons, and in thy holy fight
God guide thee, and may God defend the Right!

(Ella M. Elliott, 296, Loomir Street, College Hill, Meadville, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.)

S. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

To break the insolent tyrant's bitter pride
And leave irreverent lordship's power forespent,
To bring all humble men to sweet content,
And give them Freedom for their timid bride
Was Becket's painted dream: and the full tide
Of spreading Hope from out his cloister went
To lift the frightened cottiers of Kent,
And sweep them on and upward to his side.

The dream! But ah, the dire reality.
The evening sun the sculptured Rood made dim
Where earth's unwearied watcher ever waits.
A flash of armour down the sacristy,
Blood all bespattered on the chancel-gates,
And the long dream of Paradise for him.

(E. J. Martin, S. Mary's Parsonage, Savile Town, Dewsbury.)

THE INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING.

(CAXTON, 1477.)

No proud vain-glorious pomp, or bright array
Of arms or battle heralded the dawn
Of that great triumph, wherein were reborn
Knowledge and Freedom, and the iron sway
Of ignorance was banished, and the veil
Enshrouding Truth and Wisdom torn in twain.
Light dawn'd on Chaos; as in mortal pain
The arch fiend fled; and from his hosts a wail
Of dire distress arose. Athwart the sky
A new sun glimmer'd; as Truth's roseate rays
Flush'd the dim dawn; and Liberty on high.
Breathed forth her benediction. The Fair Nine
Deign'd holy inspiration and high praise,
And Revelation thundered truths Divine.

(W. Theodore Tolley, "Alexandra House," Essenwood Road, Berea, Durban, Natal.)

We also select for special commendation the Sonnets written by Alicia Picard (Vancouver), Charles Wilcocks (Hindley), W. S. Hiigel (Indiana), E. C. Lansdown (Birmingham), Theba (Glasgow), L. H. Rightsell (North Carolina), S. S. (Bournemouth), E. H. Simons (Sheffield), Nomada; Harry Eyden (St. Helens), Margaret Warren (Moffat), H. Booth (Sheffield), L. Haweis (Vancouver), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), Edward Rinnon (Hull), Laura Benet (Georgia), Fielding Lewis; A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Mrs. Fenwick Williams (Montreal), Cheyen Farnie (South Canterbury, N. Z.), Senex (Ilminster), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), Ada M. Hudson (Brighton), Marjorie Crosbie (Herne), O. H. C. (Sheffield), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), George Saville (Brockley), George V. A. McCloskey (New York), Quihai (Edinburgh), Wilfrid Mailler (Waverley, N.S.W.), Britton R. Strangways (Toronto), J. G. (Liverpool), A. M. Williams (Glasgow), R. Gray (Darlington), Khati (London, N.W.), H. M. Winter (Dublin), J. W. Marshall (Durham), G. M. Northcott (Colwyn Bay), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), Charles Whitwell (Wanstead), A. W. Jay (Devonport), John J. Culley (Southend), Irma L. Wallace (Milwaukee), C. Florence Haire (Clones), Percy J. Piggott (Cheltenham), W. J. Macnamara (Dublin), Esperanto (Cardenden), Hester Viney (Swanage), A. Lorraine (Teddington), D. T. Whalley (Bunbury, W. Australia), G. Thring (Dunmow), W. Williams (Pontypool), E. C. (Norwood), C. W. Snow (Utah), Sailor (Edinburgh), J. M. Greene (Dorchester, U.S.A.), R. C. Godfrey (Milville, U.S.A.), A. H. Chandler (Cocagne, N.B.), Mrs. J. B. Harrison (Victoria), Jeanie Lewthwaite (Bangor), Eblana (Edinburgh), May Jenkinson

(Tulse Hill), Marguerite (Wednesbury), Colonus (Pittsworth, Queensland), Mrs. J. B. Green (California), Annie McElrevy (Calgary), Fikirnae (Edinburgh), H. L. Messenger (Blue Island, Ill., U.S.A.), G. F. Simpson (Manchester), H. R. Smith (Newcastle), H. Elrington (Dublin), Frances Crocker (Queensland), Margaret H Andrews (Washington).

III.—The PRIZES OF FIVE GUINEAS for the best original Humorous Poem and TWO GUINEAS for the second best are respectively awarded to Mrs. Lilian Wooster Greaves, of Wongan Hills, West Australia, and to Florence Tylee, of 20, Henrietta Street, Bath, for the following:

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

(*Lines written on seeing* THE BOOKMAN *prize offer in the Australian paper "Life."*)

Guess I'll stick to washing dishes,
Sweeping, cooking, darning socks—
Having literary wishes
Gives a girl too many shocks.

I think thoughts just like those bookmen;
Dream sweet dreams from morn to night.
I see folks just like their spook-men
In the evening's ghostly light.

I'd have loved a life of learning,
But, whene'er I go about
With the fires of genius burning,
Then the kitchen fire goes out.

"Look here, sis, we're two great ninnies!"
Thus my brother yesterday—
"Working hard when golden guineas
Here are fairly flung away.

"Prize for lyric! prize for sonnet!
Prize for humorous verses too!
Seize a paper—scribble on it—
Suit for me, and dress for you.

"Come, let's try it—I say, Mary,
What's a lyric, anyhow?"—
So I got the dictionary,
And forgot to milk the cow.

"Sonnets must be made to order;
Fourteen lines, and put just so;
Like in your embroidery border,
Or a picture-frame, you know.

"Where's the 'Royal Road to Rhyming?'
Lyrics must be musical—
Ebbing, flowing, singing, chiming,
With a gentle rise and fall."

So we scribbled till the dark it
Closed around, and day was gone.
Mother home again from market!
Dinner wasn't even on!

Father swore a score of sonnets,
Several miles of lyric too—
Guess I'll earn my frocks and bonnets
Just as other daughters do.

LILIAN WOOSTER GREAVES.

THE HEARERS.

The Preacher preached, and the folks in the pews
Most completely endorsed his views.
He said how prone was man to sin,
And, listening hard with a pious grin
John Penruddock nodded his head—
"It's very true," to himself he said,
"There's a word of a sort for Timothy Gray,
I hope from my heart he's here to-day."

The Preacher preached, and he said with pain
That women were often foolish and vain,
And given, alas! to great excess,
In adorning themselves with costly dress.
And Caroline Smith, in her last year's hat,
Thought "A very good thing that *she* heard that,
Such a stuck-up goose! and she's dyed her hair,
While her hat no sensible girl would wear."

The Preacher preached, and the people heard,
And many a heart to grief was stirred
As he warned them against the greed of gold,
And spoke of those who to need were cold.
"And ah!" mused one, "he must surely mean
That niggardly miser old Jacob Green"—
And his face with a generous glow was lit
As he dropped in the alms-bag a threepenny bit.

The sermon ended, and all the throng
Agreed that it wasn't a bit too strong—
"For some," they said, "are so hard to touch,
It is really not easy to say too much."
"A grand discourse, I sincerely trust
'Twill do some of them good." "Oh! my dear it *must*."
So, with kindly thoughts for neighbours astray,
The Hearers went on their homeward way.

FLORENCE TYLEE.

We also select for printing:

TO LIZZIE.

Beneath your haughty frown I faint, I fall,
My brain grows dizzy;
(A touch of Shelley, that! but after all,
I thought of it as well.) I fain would sing
Your praise in polished verse; I eke would string
A page of such-like rhymes as feed love's flame.
These would I do, bore you some other name
Than Lizzie.

What's in a name? In Shakespeare's brave conceit
A rose, my Lizzie,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
But hold! A cabbage rose, if this were true,
Would vie it with a Caroline Testout,
A Smith would on a Smythe unflinching look,
And proud would be a *chef* when called a *cook*—
But is he?

The truth is this. In nomenclature's art,
My peerless Lizzie,
'Tis *rhyme* that plays the most important part.
For instance, were you christened Antoinette
I might compare your eyes to sparkling jet.
But as it is—oh! cruel circumstance—
I must describe your arch, though tender, glance
As "quizzy."

I fain would sing the glory of your hair,
Yea, truly, Lizzie;
And with poetic subtlety compare
Your flowing locks unto a sea that laves
Your shell-like ears with rippled Marcel waves,
This would I do, did not the Muses mock,
And split me on the adjectival rock
Of "frizzy."

This is the end. I can no longer keep
Invention busy.
Across the page my halting numbers creep,
And though I loved you, Lizzie, goodness knows,
A poet cannot woo in vulgar prose.
My passion wanes; my tuneful lyre is dumb;
I must revive myself with draughts of some-
Thing fizzy.

(Claude W. Cundy, 11, Chantrey Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.)

THE OPTIMIST.

The picnic from our Sunday-school went down-a road jus' now;
There was six brake-loads singing songs, and makin' such a row,
An' when they saw me waitin' here they waved so nice an' kind,
They all was feelin' sorry-like to see me lef' behind.

There's goin' to be an ocean wave, an' lots o' boats that swing,
An' they'll play tig an' nuts-in-May, an' run roun' in a ring,
There's goin' to be a peanut hunt—you eat all wot you find,
Oh-h, they'll be havin' lovely fun while I am lef' behind.

I had a new blue dress to wear, I had a hat with lace
(A better one than Gerty Smith's, I told her to her face),
An' then I fell an' cut my leg—the rag's all twined an' twined,
An' at the back it's red with blood—an' so I'm lef' behind.

We all was goin' to run a race, the other girls an' me,
I know I could have beat the lot an' come first easily;
But racin' makes you awful tired. I think p'r'haps I don't mind
A-sittin' here alone. Maybe I'm better lef' behind.

XUM

My Gran'ma curled my hair so nice with papers, rows an' rows,
All up the front my dress was trimmed with heaps o' little bows;
But picnics aren't the place at all to wear a dress that kind,
Of course it's better in the box, kep' clean an' lef' behind.

I shan't cry, not a little bit, I'm reely, truly *glad*,
Them horses did look awful wild a-rushin' by like mad,
An' when they all git back to-night I shan't be s'p'rised to find
They've all been brought back dead but me, wot's safe here,
lef' behind.

An' when they all o' them is dead an' no one lef' but me,
Won't everybody treat me nice, an' ask me out to tea!
An' then their mothers all will say, "Well, dear me, never mind,
The reely lucky little girls is them wot's lef' behind."

(Lilla Gormhuille McKay, Sarawai Street, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

TO GWENDOLINE.

Do you remember, Gwendoline,
Our primal meeting, and the fuss
Your mistress made when, laughter-swayed,
I dubbed your name ridiculous?
Your rolling eyes and jealous mien
Did not attract me, Gwendoline.

Dislike was mutual; you, it seems
Mistrusted most my dexter sock.
With doggy grit you went for it
Nor would your steely jaws unlock.
The scars where your white teeth have been
Are ever with me, Gwendoline.

We made it up—a sort of truce
That savours of hypocrisy.
When she is by you cease to eye
My neither limbs below the knee,
Whilst meek against the wall is seen
My oaken cudgel, Gwendoline.

Yet how I hate you, and would hail
Your dear decease with holy joy!
Yea, but for shame would speed the same,
Thou source and fount of all annoy!
When man and maid you come between
How can you wonder, Gwendoline.

For we have quarrelled. I, enraged,
Left her in tears this afternoon,
Protesting still I never will
Include you in our honeymoon.
If she gives way you're all serene:
If not—go softly, Gwendoline!

(Archibald J. A. Wilson, "Canigou," Oakhurst Avenue, Rondebosch, Cape Town.)

DELIA.

(An Unrealised Ideal.)

Her figure is lissome and slender,
Her cheeks are a delicate rose,
Her eyes (they are blue) can be roguish or tender—
You couldn't describe them in prose.
She has dimples (a pair), and the curliest hair,
She can coax like a practised coquette;
She is sweet and sincere, and no end of a dear . . .
But I haven't discovered her yet!

Her wit is both pointed and polished—
Should you argue with Delia beware!
You will find all your fallacies neatly demolished,
And dissolved in the thinnest of air.
She can cook, she can sew, she knows how to throw,
She pays when she loses a bet;
She's a sport from her toes to the tip of her nose . . .
But I haven't discovered her yet.

She's not at all languid or fragile;
At golf she can drive like a man;
As a partner at tennis she's nippy and agile;
At hockey she's right in the van.
From her head to her heels she is "fit," and at meals
Her friends have no reason to fret—
Cold mutton would fail to make Delia quail . . .
But I haven't discovered her yet.

An ardent admirer of Kipling
(This trait in a woman is rare!)
She looks with contempt on the monocled stripling,
The "nut" and the "blood" of Mayfair.
She's packed full of sense and devoid of pretence,
A friend she will never forget;
And, finally, she has a weakness for Me . . .
BUT I HAVEN'T DISCOVERED HER YET!

(E. L. Roberts, Kenwood Bank, Sheffield.)

We also select for special commendation the verses written by Richard Lew Dawson (Kansas, U.S.A.), Stevenson MacGill (British Guiana), R. S. Pollard (Manchester), L. Harold Booker (Ohio), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Christine D. Smith (Wakefield), Piers Peniles (London, S.W.), Charles Powell (Manchester), W. J. McCombe (Hull), C. Fryer (Woodbridge), M. Peart (Tottenham), W. J. Collyer (Reading), V. D. Chapman (Burnham), J. Y. Bailey (Gloucester), R. B. J. (Ealing), Queenie Scott-Hopper (Whitley Bay), G. D. Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Will Herford (West Point, U.S.A.), Julia W. Greenwood (London, W.), R. D. German (Cardiff), Merlin Dombey (Liverpool), George Edward Gee (Washington, U.S.A.), Fred Fulton (Napier, New Zealand), F. Sartorius (Edinburgh), R. W. King (Catford), F. A. Hellawell (Newbiggin), Dorothy Plimpton (Munster Park), Mary Keith (St. Albans), Percy Lennoc (Hertford), David Stothart (Edinburgh), Howard Booth (Sheffield), Robert Veitch (Penicuik), Fewsee (Worthing), Minnie Anderson (Montrose), D. M. Rawcliffe (Haigh), Cosmos (Edinburgh), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), A. J. A. Wilson (Cape Town), Mary C. Davies (California), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Dorcie (Sutton), Snow Longley (Los Angeles), Jean Bird (W. Australia), Marion C. Alston (Glasgow), A. R. Munday (Vancouver), Herman B. Ritz (Hobart), R. C. Connell (Kennington), Jampe (California), A. C. Safel (Philadelphia), A. H. Hughes (Lee), G. F. Viett (Norfolk, U.S.A.), M. S. Grupp (Washington), N. Raghunathan (Madras), Mrs. Fenwick Williams (Montreal), A. M. Reid (Motherwell), Miss Barrow (Clapham), W. L. Stidger (San Francisco), J. M. Greer (Bournemouth), Katham (Kendal), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), A. R Crever (California), C. H. Berry (Anoka, U.S.A.), J. W. Graham (Jamaica), M. P. S. (Sunderland), George Meek (Dunedin), Sybilla Sterling (Glenfarg), Mary E. Hendershot (Okla, U.S.A.), R. Stokoe (Newbury), E. Crilly (Camden Town), T. R. Jenkins (New York), D. J. Hickey (Edinburgh), Saladin (Glasgow).

We should like to add that some of the poems we have been unable to print are as good as some of those we have printed, and that lack of space has prevented us from publishing full lists of all those competitors whom the judges have honourably mentioned; we have had room only for the names included in the first of the three classes into which the "honourable mentions" have been divided. Some of the poems submitted for the Lyric Competition were disqualified because they were not lyrics: several were sonnets, others were purely didactic verse, and others ballads that were in no sense lyrical. Some dozen of the sonnets for the second Competition (one a very good one) had to be disqualified because they had no relation to any event in English history.

XUM

New Books.

ANOTHER BERGSON BOOK.*

There are two methods of presenting in a popular form the work of an author who may be considered too abstruse or too voluminous for the receptivity, at any rate without introduction, of the average intellect. One is selective, the garnering of important and typical passages; the other is digestive. As to which is the better method, it mainly depends, of course, on the intermediary, at the mercy of whose honesty, industry and intelligence the reader must perforce be content to put himself. Other things being equal, however, granting, that is to say, the adequacy of the interpreter, the second, or digestive, method is probably the more satisfactory, as it is undoubtedly the more difficult. It is too much to expect of any writer, whose aim is not primarily artistic, that his work should contain no superfluities or repetitions, but still a man who is reasonably master of his tools generally puts something of significance into all his sentences. In selection, therefore, it is almost impossible to avoid the omission of matter essential to the argument; and, with the best will in the world to be impartial, it is fatally easy, indeed almost inevitable, for the selector to lay undue stress on that side of his author's thought which strikes the most responsive chord in himself, and so to distort his meaning. On the other hand, with a clear head and sound sense of proportion, a very adequate précis may be made of the work of a thinker who is reasonably consistent.

Photo by Gerschel, Paris. **Henri Bergson.**
From "Henri Bergson" (Macmillan).

At any rate, both methods are extraordinarily fashionable just at present, and on no philosophical writer, with the possible exception of Nietzsche, are they more frequently employed than on M. Henri Bergson. The desirability of these easy roads to knowledge is another question. On the one hand, it may be justly urged that there are plenty of intelligent people anxious for the culture which, according to Matthew Arnold, consisted in knowing "the best that has been thought and said in the world," who really have not the time for reading an indefinite number of long and difficult books, and it seems a pity that they should be altogether baulked in their excellent desires. On the other hand, there is the danger that the opportunity of acquiring knowledge at second hand and on easy terms, may induce scrappy habits of thought and reading, a loose grasp of many subjects which is far less satisfying and less valuable than a firmer grasp of only a few. It is a nice question, and here again much depends on the intellectual quality of the interpreter.

The author of this book on Bergson, indeed, who is the Swedish translator of the philosopher's works and has had the assistance of one of the English translators of "*Matière et Mémoire*," especially disclaims any intention of rendering superfluous the study of his originals.

"However closely my book follows the thought of the philosopher," he says, "it cannot possibly do justice to the far ampler exposition of that thought which he has given in his own words. It will, I hope, serve to bring out in the minds of some who have already studied the great works of this great thinker a clearer outline of what they have read, and will confirm in them their hold on his intention and meaning. It will also serve others perhaps as a more or less popular introduction to his thought and as a work of occasional reference. But it can never, I am glad to say, be supposed to render superfluous the study of "Time and Free Will," "Matter and Memory," and "Creative Evolution." My great desire is that it may send every one who reads it to those books, whether for the first time or for another perusal, in a fresh understanding of them. To this end it is addressed."

By closely following Bergson's language, and by quoting at considerable length from his less accessible writings, Mr. Ruhe may be said to have combined the two methods discussed above. The result seems entirely adequate and should achieve the double purpose set forth in the preface from which we have quoted.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Henri Bergson: An Account of His Life and Philosophy." By Algot Ruhe and Nancy Margaret Paul. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

POSES AND PENMEN.*

This is a pleasant book of gossip about certain literary and social lights, whose brilliance has become dimmed through the dust of time. Mr. Vincent is an American with a *tendresse* for the circumstance and mind-fare of a hundred years ago, when the world took fashion very seriously, and men frequently ensured notoriety through poses. He introduces to us twelve celebrities, beginning with Beau Brummel and concluding with genial and gentle Crabb Robinson. All are not dandies, or, indeed, men of letters, but every one of the company had a reputation for written or spoken wit. With the beaux, the neat epigram or turn of phrase was as necessary as the right fold of a neckcloth or the nice conduct of a cane. Mr. Vincent writes of his team as if he loved them. To their qualities he is kind; and if to their faults he is not exactly blind, he at any rate hurries past the deficiencies with a most sympathetic despatch.

Men of marked personality had probably a better chance of distinction in the unspacious days of George Regent than they have in these newspaper times. It was not enough to have merely sterling merit: one had to cultivate a particularity, if not an eccentricity. It was fully in the spirit of the times that Byron, before he started on the

* "Dandies and Men of Letters." By Leon H. Vincent. 10s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

journey to Portugal and Spain which supplied local colour to "Childe Harold," designed for himself a splendiferous uniform unlike anything worn by tinker, tailor, soldier or sailor. To impress the "common people"—who, alas, were too obligingly willing to be impressed—was one of the objects of those who were anxious for to shine in the sphere of fashion. Why otherwise did Dizzy cultivate those raven curls, those dangling chains, and elaborate attitudes? To be a dandy, attracted attention, gossip, envy: it paid. Mr. Vincent is evidently as impressed with the graces and ways of his dandies as was mute, adoring Demos in the era before reform.

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Vincent's book are what the old-fashioned dramatists called the "asides." He will airily abandon his subject, be it Tom Moore, or Count d'Orsay, or William Beckford, to chatter briefly about the peculiarities of us British, or the convenience of India paper for readable, pocketable books. He waxes eloquent on the "virtuoso temperament," and gravely advises his readers, if they would be rich, not to trouble about novel-writing, which merely brings notoriety and at best an ordinary fortune, but to "write a book which shall instruct married people how to make the best of their uncomfortable situation." All this is passably entertaining; though, really, we must protest against his breezy assertion that we in this estimable island live in mackintoshes and thick-soled shoes. Mr. Vincent is at his best in this sort of joyous padding, because he is his own authority. Of his prime subject, these bloods and writers of the dead century, he has only one thing new to say, and it is the suggestion—not a deep or unchallengeable suggestion at best!—that Glowry of "Nightmare Abbey" is a representation of Shelley's father. This is certainly straining the parallels, for old Timothy seems to have been thick-headed and unimaginative, but not the dark melancholiac of Peacock's satirical burlesque. He balances the discovery, if such it be, by claiming Harry Foker as a dandy, which he wasn't; and by depriving Lady Richmond Ritchie of her title. He is, moreover, unjust to Tom Moore in suggesting that his barbed ridicule of the Prince Regent was ungrateful. Is he not aware of the splendid snub the First Gentleman in Europe gave Moore when the Prince at their meeting learnt that the poet's father was not a member of a county family, but a Dublin grocer? Moore had no reason to "spare the man whose patronage thirteen years earlier had lifted him to the seventh heaven."

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.*

For stories of the occult there is an immense public, but the equipped writers are few. Even the old-fashioned ghost story required a special touch, lacking which it was as insipid as cold porridge. Much more does the contemporary tale of the supernatural demand of the narrator a gift above the common, a temperament elusive and psychic. Such a writer is Algernon Blackwood. One realises in him a sensitivity to influences which do not affect the world in general, which have for it no existence, which are yet coming to have. If the nineteenth century was one of too much doubt in things other than material, the twentieth threatens to be one of too much credulity in matters empirical. Mr. Blackwood disdains to make appeal to the common love for the supernatural in its customary manifestations. He has no model haunted houses and stock ghosts: "The Castle of Otranto" is no fortress for him. In his view clearly the great psychic forces are primarily the elements, Fire, Wind and Water. The earth is all alive, and in that huge and varied life malignant and terrible forces are at work as well as those which make for goodness and serenity. Terrible to him is the life of the trees in darkness, ghastly are the silent waters. Yet there is light also in his twilight-land, and all is not foredoomed and accursed. For he writes of primitive supermen, creatures of fire with souls of flame, who worship the great central source of day with ritual dances, beings as elemental and violent as his Centaurs, or his Pan-men. Along with his passion for life he has a passion for language. For him the spoken or written word is a thing of tremendous and eternal force. With that little-known poet, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, he holds:

> "With wonderful deathless ditties
> We build up the world's great cities,
> And out of a fabulous story
> We fashion an Empire's glory.
> We, in the ages lying
> In the buried past of the earth,
> Built Nineveh with our sighing
> And Babel itself in our mirth."

Persuasively he re-states the old philosophic belief that the world is entirely what the individual thinks and believes—interpretation; that the world is thinking and feeling, and unless the individual really thinks and believes that, he has no permanent world at all. It is a thesis which permits a great deal of imagining, and Mr. Blackwood makes the fullest use of it.

In the opening story of the volume, "The Regeneration of Lord Ernie," the theory is worked out that Powers of fire, the Principalities of air, exist, and that humanity can know their qualities by ritual initiation in a kind of Zodiacal dance, can absorb the fierce enthusiasm of flame and the tireless energy of wind. Such a miracle is worked in the degenerate Lord Ernie, who, through actual fire, evolves from the commonplace to a kind of statesman superman. The story, "The Damned," is up to its ending a thing of ghastliness and dread almost intolerable. The dead banker, Franklyn, and the living woman, Marsh, are figures as terrifying as Mr. Henry James' sinister couple in "The Turn of the Screw." It is not suggested that Franklyn has led an evil life, but his prevailing idea on earth has been that of eternal damnation for the mass of mankind, and his obsession is transmitted after his death not alone to his wife and his housekeeper, but to the very fabric of his house, which seems to harbour the damned. There is one little touch in the story about the gnashing of teeth which has sheer fear with it. The best work of the book is contained in "A Descent into Egypt." Here we have horror as great as in the other Adventures, but it is subdued by sheer beauty of craftsmanship—the magic of words. George Isley, the central figure of the story, is absorbed by Egypt, soul and brain, "the ancient Egypt which lies waiting underneath." His spirit lives in the buried past of Egypt while he walks the world a dead man. Here is a book which fulfils its title.

* "Incredible Adventures." By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

A BOOK FOR THE DAY.*

There is something of the spirit of an older England than ours, the England of Chaucer—perhaps it would be more exact to say, of the spirit of Chaucer himself—in this volume. Agree or disagree as we may with what Father Vaughan has to say, all that he says compels our respect. And, much as we may differ from the preacher on points of detail, we could wish that his book were in the hands and minds of every one in this kingdom to-day. For the point of view from which these thirty essays have been written is a broad one, and the desire animating every line rings throughout with a sterling sincerity and a patriotism that goes clean through the trappings of convention to the things that matter, whatever may be the station in life to which man or woman may be called. This point of view is that of one who feels his feet not on the shifting sands of time, but on facts that are permanent for all time. One recalls St. Bernard, with his vision diverted from all that could distract his contemplation of the Immortal, his soul overburdened with the thought of the sins of the world. Father Bernard Vaughan has an aim in common with that of the

* "What of To-day?" By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

recluse of Lake Leman. But his vision is clearer, his nerve greater, his sympathy wider. It is not enough for him that he sees the light and may tread the right path. His concern is that his fellow-countrymen may follow the gleam, and, doing so collectively, make this island home of ours worthy of its great destiny. The volume has been written so that the financial proceeds may be given in aid of the Belgian refugees, and as our people have been touched as seldom they have been touched before by the noble example of King Albert, the author has with a sure instinct dedicated it to him. Of the thirty essays contained in it many deal directly with the war—the subject uppermost in all hearts and minds to-day. But the war will come to an end, sooner or later. It is not enough that our cause is a righteous one. It does not suffice that we fight it with clean hands. We must be sure of more than the carrying out of our present good resolutions for the period of its length, be that length long or comparatively short. We must see to it that we purge ourselves of many things and thoughts that occupied us, that divided us, that blinded us, in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities. We have to examine the "New Spirit" of which so much has been heard. We have to learn once again, as again and again we have had to recognise in the long past, that it is out of the old fields that the new corn cometh year by year. We have to see the crass folly of "fancy" religions, of spiritualism and its byways, to recognise the sanctity of many an old-fashioned ideal, the reality of many a "commonplace" and many a "convention," what prayer implies, what *is* Christianity, what *is* duty; in fine, why we are here and of what real happiness consists. Father Vaughan is not pointing the finger of scorn at "the new Spirit." But he declares unhesitatingly that "all that is bad in it comes from itself, and all that is good in it springs from the Old Spirit, the Spirit of Love and Self-sacrifice, the Spirit of Restraint and Discipline." What of To-day? is the universal question. The answer is that it is the business of every citizen to find out how he may best serve his country. But behind the dream and the business:

> "The highest Faith makes still the highest man;
> For we grow like the things our souls believe,
> And rise or sink as we aim high or low."

W. F. A.

ELIZABETH'S GERMAN COUNTERPART.*

The first of a series of papers which make up this pleasant volume is of some interest as throwing a gleam of light on the atmosphere of a famous Court, but more interesting and really valuable, especially at this juncture in the history of the nations, is the account given of Princess Pauline, who governed so well and so wisely the little German state of Lippe a hundred years ago.

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Cust was specially well qualified to give us this sketch, because her own childhood was spent in Detmold, the capital of that State. The photograph of the fine old Krumme Strasse, which runs through the heart of the town, renews our idealistic vision, sadly blurred by the war, of old picturesque Germany, the Germany of Hans Sachs and Albrecht Dürer, the Germany that loved its homes and made them beautiful, decorated them outside with pious texts, and filled their chambers with music and the fragrance of that untranslateable "gemüthlichkeit."

This vision was realised under the able rule of Princess Pauline. She had a real genius for administration. Her system of education was a model to all the neighbouring states. More surprising still, in those somewhat grey ages, when women were kept religiously in the background, she had a genius for finance, and when a neighbouring city got its affairs into a tangle, to her was the appeal made to act as a temporary burgomaster and set things right.

A genius for taking pains was also part of her admirable mental outfit. However attractive the literature at her elbow, Goethe's latest work or Matthison's poems, she would turn resolutely to the pile of criminal cases awaiting her decision. With all these manly qualities she was thoroughly feminine in her love of beautiful clothes, dressing with exquisite taste herself, and adding generously to the wardrobes of others. One of her letters enjoins a friend to slip for her a piece of hydrangea-coloured sarcenet into a young lady's wardrobe.

In view of present circumstances the most notable thing about this well-equipped and talented ruler was that she "dreaded and mistrusted Prussia," and, to such an extent that an alliance with Napoleon himself seemed preferable to coming under the yoke of the adjacent monarchy.

The other papers in this volume, on toys, old dogs, furnishing, gardening, and Bryanston Square, are written with a facile pen, and a gracious absence of straining after effect, but the most abiding impression left by the book is the portrait of this Queen Elizabeth in petto.

* "Queen Elizabeth's Gentlewoman." By Sybil Cust. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

A Little Village Green.

From "Queen Elizabeth's Gentlewoman" (Smith, Elder).

SHAKESPEARE, THE MAN.*

There are obviously two ways of reconstituting the personality of Shakespeare. You may take his works, as Mr. Frank Harris did in "The Man Shakespeare," and concentrate upon them till apparent contradictions and inconsistencies resolve themselves at last into a coherent unity, a definite image of the poet. This is a very good way, and the result is strictly commensurate with the imaginative powers you bring to your labour. But you may also do as Mrs. Stopes does, and has done, particularly in this book. You may approach Shakespeare by another method, which consists in collecting all the more or less contemporary data

* "Shakespeare's Environment." By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. 7s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

XUM

bearing however remotely on the poet, or on the life he may be presumed to have lived amongst his contemporaries; collating it, sifting it, accepting here, rejecting there, until at last Shakespeare, the object of your search, stands before you, an unalterable residuum.

Now, here I must say at once that I am not implying in the least that Mrs. Stopes' historical method can be pursued to any useful purpose without exercise of the imagination. Though it would be obviously untrue to say the imagination plays a great part in what is, after all, a synthesis of palpable facts, yet in the arrangement of these facts, in the implications that arise from them, the imagination has its own work to do. Broadly speaking, however, Shakespeare arrived at by the historical method is a stable quantity: a dozen investigators of fair mind and equal industry and learning would reach approximately the same results.

What, then, does this Shakespeare learning dig out for us? What kind of a man was he? What did he look like? What were his habits and pursuits? And in the answer to these questions is revealed the appalling weakness of the historical method. It gives a negative answer to every one of them. There is not one point on which the historical method can satisfy your curiosity; Shakespeare, after all these pains and pages, is as nebulous as before. Let me examine this method a little. I am not criticising its application by Mrs. Stopes. I firmly believe that Mrs. Stopes has done wonders; that all there is to know about Shakespeare in regard to fact is here in this copious book. But if it is possible to show that the "facts" relating to Shakespeare are inconspicuous in quantity and insignificant in quality, then indeed the historical method stands condemned, and we must go back to the poet's works themselves and follow the method of Mr. Harris.

For the facts, then. What was Stratford like in Shakespeare's time; what degree of culture existed in his time; how far was it a suitable birthplace for a great poet? One is familiar with that favourite argument of the Baconians which rejects Shakespeare's claims to authorship on the ground that he was unlettered, and had no opportunities, indeed, of being otherwise. So if you can find anything to answer these questions about Stratford it will be valuable evidence. All that Mrs. Stopes has been able to find out, however (and remember that her authority in the field of Shakesperian research is unchallenged), is that books were not unknown in Warwickshire in Shakespeare's time, and that the head master of Stratford Grammar School enjoyed a salary double that of the head master of Eton.

Now, in spite of an assertion in Halliwell-Phillipps' "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare" that Stratford was "a bookless neighbourhood," there is nothing to surprise one in either of these facts. At the period of England's greatest literary expansion, when the great wave of the Italian Renascence had fertilised English soil and English wits, it would be surprising indeed to find that Warwickshire was without books,or that the head master of Stratford Grammar School was stinted.

What else, then, has Mrs. Stopes' loving labour unearthed in the way of facts? Shakespeare had a share worth £60 in the tithes of Old Stratford, and was involved in a troublesome dispute in regard to the enclosing of some common land in which he had an interest. Are we really nearer to an understanding for that? If only we knew, in Shakespeare's own words, what he thought about this affair, that would be something. But no; all we have is his opinion, retailed at second hand, that nothing would be done! There are more facts, facts concerning property which came to Shakespeare's family by marriage, facts concerning the Arden family, facts concerning other Messrs. Shakespeare who might be confused with the poet, but had, save for rare cases of blood-relationship, nothing to do with him. There is a chapter, a very interesting and learned chapter, on Burbage's "Theatre," which was afterwards taken to pieces, transported across the river, re-erected in Southwark and re-christened "The Globe." In it there is mention of the so-called "Belvoir impressa," respecting which there exists an entry in the accounts of the Earl of Rutland's steward, as follows: "31 Martii. To Mr. Shakespeare *in gold*, about my lord's impreso, XLIVs; to Richard Burbage for paynting and making yt. *in gold*, XLIVs . . . iiiili. viiis." As Mrs. Stopes says, this *might* have been our Shakespeare, or it might equally have been a certain John Shakespeare, a fashionable bit-maker, who was in the royal service, or even another Shakespeare altogether. But even if it *was* our Shakespeare, should we be any the wiser about him for knowing that he did, in fact, make an impresa, or tournament device, for the Earl of Rutland? There are facts, too, about the appearance of Shakespeare, based on Droeshout's engraving in the first folio, on the Stratford bust as it exists to-day, on the Chandos portrait, and on the Stratford bust according to Dugdale. It is all exceedingly interesting, but when one has read the book through with keen appreciation of the industry and learning that has gone to make it, one realises that as far as Shakespeare the man is concerned, one might as well have read a book on political economy.

O. RAYMOND DREY.

A STORY OF THE "HALLS."*

The author of "Pantomime" has essayed a stronger flight, with success beyond question. Her first book had freshness and sparkle and shrewd observation; the present story has these qualities and much more: a breadth and seriousness which the affairs of Pierrot and Pierrette hardly demanded, though in truth one caught a hint of tears behind the laughter, even there. It is a story of conflicting egoisms—the egoism of a rich, joyous, generous individuality, pitted unequally against an egoism that is vanity and selfishness, the egoism of a purblind and grudging spirit. Jaconne, daughter of an Irish artist and a French model, spiritually a child of Pan, has passed her maidenhood in the society of a company of Failures, and rebels against the destiny for which she is marked by her environment. "I shan't fail," she says. "I can't fail. I'm strong. I glory in a tussle with things. How can I fail when I'm I, and know that I'm I?" In the egoism of glorious youth she slips away in search of adventure and the great fulfilment, to find herself married almost unawares to a circus clown, for whom, crippled in the "ring," she becomes, in no long time, nurse and bread-winner. "Variety" claims her; she blazes as a "Star"—"Our Jack," "Queen of the Acropolis." Freed by the death of Benny, she falls in with a wandering fiddler, as fascinating as the Pied Piper, whom she introduces to the "Halls," nurtures into success, and marries. Here is the beginning of her soul's tragedy, for Dal Romany grows jealous of his wife's career, winces when he sees her name on the bills in larger letters than his own, and, by a process of wearing down, banishes her from the stage and wrecks her happiness.

Even so bald an outline indicates the interest of the theme; the reader will delight in the cleverness with which it is handled—the brilliance of the characterisation, the wit that reveals a character in a phrase, the humour of little episodical incidents, the genial satire of human foibles. The magnetic Romany, brimming with life, a "jolly good fellow" with men, full of "sunny charm" to women, who blunders with elephantine tread through the sensibilities of his wife, is portrayed with a sureness of touch rare in women-writers dealing with men. And Jaconne herself, with her witchery, her arrogance, her passionate belief in her career, her agonised acceptance of defeat, is an engaging and a memorable figure. The ending will not please the extreme feminist, who would wish that Jaconne, no longer loving her husband, should at least insist on running her race alone. The author's reading of human nature is more subtle than that.

It is when she brings real persons into contact with realities that Miss Stern's strength and brilliance come freely into play. Yet her work will never be naked realism, for the things of life take on the hues of romance in the alembic of her poetic imagination.

HERBERT STRANG.

* "See-saw." By G. D. Stern. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

THE REVIEWS OF A PROCONSUL.*

A reviewer is likely to be specially interested by a book of reprinted reviews, especially when he is a small man and the reprinted gentleman large. In the present instance the general reader will certainly share that interest; for here we have Lord Cromer, a great administrator who wielded more power than most kings can command, cultivating his garden in retirement by practising the art and craft of reviewing. The reader who takes up the volume expecting to find the papers commensurate with the great fame of the author may possibly be disappointed; but the reviewer will probably be gratified in his secret heart, for the fact is that Lord Cromer's articles are not noticeably better than the reviews by nameless scribes published regularly in our better newspapers. This is really praise, and not faint praise; for while there is plenty of bad reviewing nowadays (as there is plenty of bad writing), there is also more of the best than any earlier period of journalism can show.

Lord Cromer's papers are sound, readable, interesting stuff, not too bright or good for human nature's daily food, but quietly enjoyable and seasoned with the salt of years and high experience. They fall into regular groups—biographies of English statesmen and officials, accounts of foreign notabilities, ranging from Fouquier-Tinville to Cavour, and disquisitions on many aspects of politics at home and abroad. Lord Cromer is eminently judicial. He will no more commit an indiscretion in writing than would Lord Lyons in diplomacy. Indeed, it is plain that that strong, safe, thoroughly unimaginative ambassador represents Lord Cromer's ideal of public deportment. That is all very well in the official world; but in a book we like a man to let himself go sometimes. It would be a dull world for readers if all critics wrote as if they were liable to be quoted on the Treasury Bench.

However, Lord Cromer gives us plenty of asides. Thus of Lord North he says:

"It is singular that, up to the present time, no biography should have been written of a Minister who presided over the destinies of England during one of the most momentous periods of her history—a period when, the Duke of Bolton said, 'everything was at sea except the British fleet.'"

He turns to Disraeli and says:

"The late Lord Beaconsfield, with possibly an eye to the leading characteristics of his great rival and opponent, once expressed a doubt whether 'good men' could with advantage be trusted with the management of public affairs."

Of that great opponent he recalls the following:

"It is recorded in Mr. Delane's memoirs that Lord Palmerston informed him that 'he had set the library chimney at Broadlands on fire in the process of burning Mr. Gladstone's letters of resignation.' The Queen at one time pathetically remarked 'Lord John Russell may resign, and Lord Aberdeen may resign, but I can't resign. I sometimes wish I could.'"

Lord Cromer draws upon his own experience to illustrate the Englishman's rooted habit of saying the thing most likely to be least connected with his real feelings:

"The episode reminds the writer of the present article of the characteristically British reception given to Slatin Pasha at Assouan when he had at last escaped from his terrible imprisonment. The English officer commanding the troops went out to meet him a mile from the town and said: 'Are you Slatin?' On the reply being in the affirmative, he added: 'Come and have luncheon.' That was all."

Special interest, of course, attaches to the group of papers on Germany. They are grim reading. If ever a country should have been prepared for the worst, it was England; for German writers made no secret of their sentiments and aspirations. Lord Cromer, writing in February, 1914, concludes one of his papers as follows:

"With the experience of the past before us, we cannot feel any very strong assurance that the accident of German internal policy will not again necessitate an attack on some foreign Power. Should that necessity arise, it cannot be doubted that an adroit diplomacy could and would manufacture occurrences tending to show that the war was forced on the reluctant and peace-loving population of Germany. Such being the state of affairs, the obvious duty of this country is, whilst sparing no efforts to maintain peace, to prepare for the eventuality of war."

How true it is we must now all sadly admit.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Political and Literary Essays." Second Series. By the Earl of Cromer. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Novel Notes.

VALLEY OF A THOUSAND HILLS. By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (John Lane.)

Miss Mills Young is not a sensational writer. Style and subject-matter of her novel, "Valley of a Thousand Hills" are alike quiet. The book, in spite of its idyllic title, is not a romance. Wattle-growing in South Africa appears to be a dryasdust occupation without any very tempting prospect of reward. The Dutch girl, Alieta, and her English lover, Heckraft, command a ready liking, and the villain of the story, Harold Johnson, is the bounder *tout-à-fait*. Scarcely less prominent in the yarn are the failure, Gommet, and his frivolous wife. The latter is a very subtle and sympathetic study in weak womanhood. The author has strong views as to the present and future of South Africa. She looks forward to the regeneration of the country by the rise of another Cecil Rhodes, a regenerator who shall put boldness before scruple. One of her solutions for a successful South Africa appears to lie in the intermarriage of English and Dutch; but one realises very clearly in the book itself what small chance there is of such a process going actively on in the near future. The Dutch apparently are as close a corporation as they were before the war, and as little in sympathy with English traits and aspirations. The greater success of the Dutch in the country, is, the author thinks, due to the fact that to the Dutchman South Africa is home, to the average Englishman simply exile. Miss Mills Young pleads for the better treatment of the Indians in South Africa, if only on grounds of self-interest, pointing out that in a country where the overwhelming majority of the blacks is a source of increasing danger, and where there is an antagonism between blacks and Indians, the latter should be employed as a counterpoise. As in many women's books, the tone of virility in "Valley of a Thousand Hills" is somewhat forced, as is the note of cynicism. It is, however, a capital study of South African men and manners.

THE VEILED LIFE. By Henrietta Goldie. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is the romance of a kitchenmaid who is not a Cinderella. The career of the girl, Laura, is a very lowly and comparatively uneventful one, but it is of the liveliest interest. As she attracts admirers in the book, so she attracts readers. This is a very able study of a young and unformed girl, without any particular ethical or religious feeling, saved from deterioration mainly by her own helplessness and the compassion it evokes. Laura is of the very old order of girlhood which conquers by its humility. The processes of life at the great house, Kirkby Roiall, are described with great vitality, and the community of the servants' hall depicted with breadth of humanity. About all the characters, except one, there is a certain amount of sweetness and light, and that character is, unfortunately, the man whom the heroine marries. James Anderson is not a villain of melodrama; but he is the average sensual man further warped by traits of cruelty and avarice. His protagonist and Laura's chivalrous friend, Dr. Peters, is a very likeable, but completely unorthodox type of doctor with a fluid vocabulary of slang. He gives Laura a literary education of catholic aspect, as the authors he sends along for her study and delectation include John Stuart Mill, Wilde, Shaw, Henley, and Clementina Black. The racy doctor says of this collection: "One of them's the biggest swell on paper

you've ever seen." Laura goes through much travail before she expiates her first mistake, but she eventually comes to green pastures. Indeed, Mrs. Goldie would have caused disappointment to many if she had not given compensation to her charming little heroine for her many hardships.

RINGFIELD. By S. F. Harrison. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Of recent years the French Canadians in their remote and tranquil settlements have been attracting the attention of many writers on both sides of the Atlantic. They undoubtedly provide excellent material for an observant novelist, with their picturesque villages, habitant farmers, venerable seigneurs, and patient, plodding peasantry. In his description of the hamlet of St. Ignace the author of "Ringfield" gives quite the best picture we have seen of one of these primitive lower Canadian settlements, and his characterisation of local types is done with an uncommonly sure touch, whether he is depicting the prolific Tremblays, with their families of eighteen or twenty-four, or Monsieur Amable Poussette, owner of the local saw-mill and proprietor of the summer hotel, "in clothes, opinions, and religious belief a curious medley of American and Canadian standards." Ringfield is a young and forceful Methodist preacher, who comes to St. Ignace to open a new chapel, and stays on under the spell of Pauline Clairville, the mysterious sister of the feeble-minded seigneur. A strange blend of candour and coquetry, Pauline has many lovers at her feet, and chief among Ringfield's rivals is a decadent Oxford man named Crabbe, who, at the time the story opens is little more than a drunken loafer. Crabbe, however, turns over a new leaf, and the young preacher, with all the bitterness of a displaced lover, watches his rival's progress with Pauline. Ringfield's better nature, his religion—erstwhile the heart and soul of him—are paralysed by a frenzy of hate. He deliberately refrains from saving Crabbe from a drunken relapse; and finally assists in sending Crabbe to a frightful death. Ringfield"s remorse drives him to seek consolation with the Church of Rome, and the Methodist preacher disappears behind the high walls of a monastery. "Ringfield" is a strong novel told with unusual skill and sincerity.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT? By Bernard Gilbert. 6s. (Frank and Cecil Palmer.)

Herbert Chamberlain was a farmer in Lincolnshire, and one that feared God and eschewed evil. After many years of tranquil happiness he fell on evil times; his creditors sold him up, and he and his family had to find shelter in a small cottage. Chamberlain had a brother-in-law, also a farmer, whose name was Woodruff—a sordid, ungodly, immoral man, who ill-treated his wife, and placed a mistress in his household. But Woodruff was keen at a bargain, and knew how to get the utmost out of his several farms, and was able thereby to gain what he considered to be the whole world—plenty of money and a long spell of prosperity. From this brief summary it will be seen that Mr. Gilbert's new book is a story of contrasts; and the theme of course, is as old as the hills. Chamberlain suffers much tribulation, but the light of his spiritual life becomes a lantern to his feet in the dark paths. Woodruff, through sheer lack of moral balance, loses at last not only all material gain but his soul as well. The book is interesting and forcibly written, and the author displays a minute knowledge of the countryside.

DIVIDED WAYS. By E. Charles Vivian. 6s. (Holden & Hardingham.)

If we were making a list of the twelve ablest and most poignantly interesting novels of last year, we should give "Divided Ways" a place in it without any hesitation. It is well written, and tells a story of a mistaken marriage, and of the coming into the man's life of an overmastering passion for the woman who should have been his wife—of how they both gave themselves up to this passion for a time, and then the great love and natural common sense of the woman moved her to sacrifice their present happiness to what she saw was best for the possibilities of his career, and for the happiness of both of them in the days to come. It tells the story vividly, powerfully, and with the right artistic reticence; and at the end you have the woman gone from the knowledge of her own circle, and the man settled down to develop a prosperous business and make the best of his mistake by living to all appearance contentedly with the patient, sensible, uncomplaining wife who is every way deserving of his love, and yet he has no love for her. The wife, the other woman, Mary North, and, in particular, the delightful Aunt Liss are admirably drawn, and not less so are the self-reliant, masterful Alan Hope and the quaint, Bohemian John Elder. Hope's manager, too, Hobson, is cleverly sketched, though there is a touch of melodrama about the way in which he spies upon his employer, discovers his secret, and then uses it in a vain attempt to coerce Hope into consenting to his marriage with Aunt Liss; but when we have said this, we have nothing but praise for the book and an emphatic recommendation to all novel readers to get it and read it.

The Bookman's Table.

CITIES WHICH FASCINATE. By R. P. Downes. 3s. 6d. (Charles H. Kelly.)

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Mosque of Mohammed Ali, Citadel, Cairo.
From "Cities which Fascinate" (Kelly).

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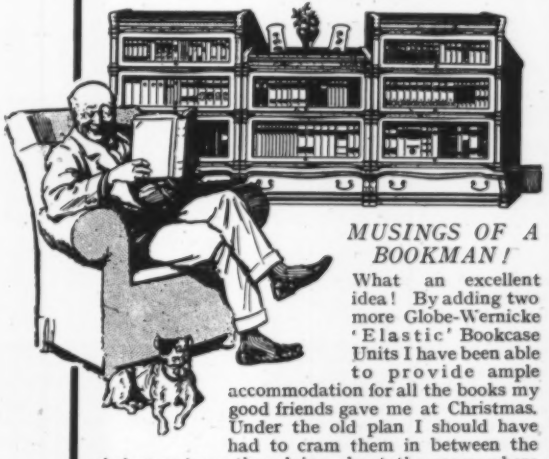

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